

Semi-Monthly.

No. *TMX*

Novel Series.

103.

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS



BIG FOOT, THE GUIDE.

BEADLE & CO, 118 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK
General Dime Book Publishers.

BEADLE'S Standard Dime Publications.

NOVELS.

1. Malaeska.
2. The Privateer's Cruise.
3. Myra, Child of Adopt'n.
4. Alice Wilde.
5. The Golden Belt.
6. Chip, the Cave-Child.
7. The Reefer of '76.
8. Seth Jones.
9. The Slave Sculptor.
10. The Backwoods' Bride.
11. Prison'r of La Vintresse.
12. Bill Biddon, Trapper.
13. Cedar Swamp.
14. The Emerald Necklace.
15. The Frontier Angel.
16. Uncle Ezekiel.
17. Madge Wylde.
18. Nat Fodd.
19. Massasoit's Daughter.
20. Florida, the Iron Will.
21. Sybil Chase.
22. The Maid of Esopus.
23. Winifred Winthrop.
24. The Trail Hunters.
25. The Peon Prince.
26. Brethren of the Coast.
27. Daughter of Liberty.
28. King Barnaby.
29. The Forest Spy.
30. Put. Pomfret's Ward.
31. The Double Hero.
32. Irona.
33. Maum Guinea, 20 cents.
34. Ruth Margerie.
35. East and West.
36. Riflemen of the Miami.
37. Godbold, the Spy.
38. The Wrong Man.
39. The Land-Claim.
40. Unionist's Daugh'r, 20c.
41. The Hunter's Cabin.
42. The King's Man.
43. The Allens.
44. The Falkland.

le Albion.
le's Charge.
the Huron.
unters.
Ship.
uards.

Loves.
ld of Prairie.

ot.

unter.

Ranger.

Chief.

le.

61. Laughing Eyes.
62. The Unknown.
63. The Indian Princess.
64. Rangers of the Mohawk.
65. The Wrecker's Prize.
66. The Hunter's Vow.
67. Indian Jim.
68. The Brigantine.
69. Black Hollow.
70. The Indian Queen.
71. The Lost Trail.
72. The Moose Hunter.
73. The Silver Bugle.
74. Cruiser of Chesapeake.
75. The Hunter's Escape.
76. The Scout's Prize.
77. Quindaro.
78. The Rival Scouts.
79. Schuylkill Rangers.
80. Eagle Eye.
81. The Two Hunters.
82. The Mystic Canoe.
83. The Golden Harpoon.
84. The Seminole Chief.
85. The Fugitives.
86. Red Plume.
87. On the Deep.
88. Captain Molly.
89. Star Eyes.
90. Cast Away.
91. The Lost Cache.
92. The Twin Scouts.
93. The Creole Sisters.
94. The Mad Skipper.
95. Eph Peters.
96. Little Moccasin.
97. The Doomed Hunter.
98. Ruth Harland.
99. Overboard.
100. Karaibo.
101. Maid of Wyoming.
102. Hearts Forever.
103. Big Foot, the Guide.
104. Guilty or not Guilty.

FICTION.

1. The Marked Bullet.
2. The Outlaw Brothers.
3. The Willing Captive.
4. The Deer Hunters.
5. The Dacotah Queen.
6. Missing Jo.
7. Gottlieb Gottsoock.
8. Prairie Chick.
9. Roving Ben.

LIBRARY.

1. White-Faced Pacer.
2. Blacksmith of Antwerp.
3. The Maiden Martyr.
4. The Loyalist.
5. The Country Cousin.
6. The Messenger.

BIOGRAPHIES.

1. Garibaldi.
2. Daniel Boone.
3. Kit Carson.
4. Anthony Wayne.
5. David Crockett.
6. Winfield Scott.
7. Pontiac.
8. John C. Fremont.
9. John Paul Jones.
10. Marquis de Lafayette.
11. Tecumseh.
12. Gen. G. B. McClellan.
13. Parson Brownlow.
14. Abraham Lincoln.
15. Ulysses S. Grant.

MEN OF THE TIME.

1. Halleck, Pope, Siegel, etc.
2. Banks, Butler, Baker, etc.
3. Grant, Hooker, etc.

SCHOOL SERIES.

1. American Speaker.
 2. National Speaker.
 3. Patriotic Speaker.
 4. Comic Speaker.
 5. The Elocutionist.
 6. Humorous Speaker.
- Dialogues Nos. 1, 2, 3, & 4.
Melodist.
School Melodist.

FAMILY SERIES.

1. Cook Book.
2. Recipe Book.
3. Housewife's Manual.
4. Family Physician.
5. Dressmak'g & Millinery.

POPULAR HAND-BOOKS.

- Letter-Writer.
Book of Etiquette.
Book of Verses.
Book of Dreams.

HAND-BOOKS OF GAMES.

- Book of Croquet.
Chess Instructor.
Book Cricket and Football.
Base-Ball Player for 1866.
Guide to Swimming.

SONG BOOKS.

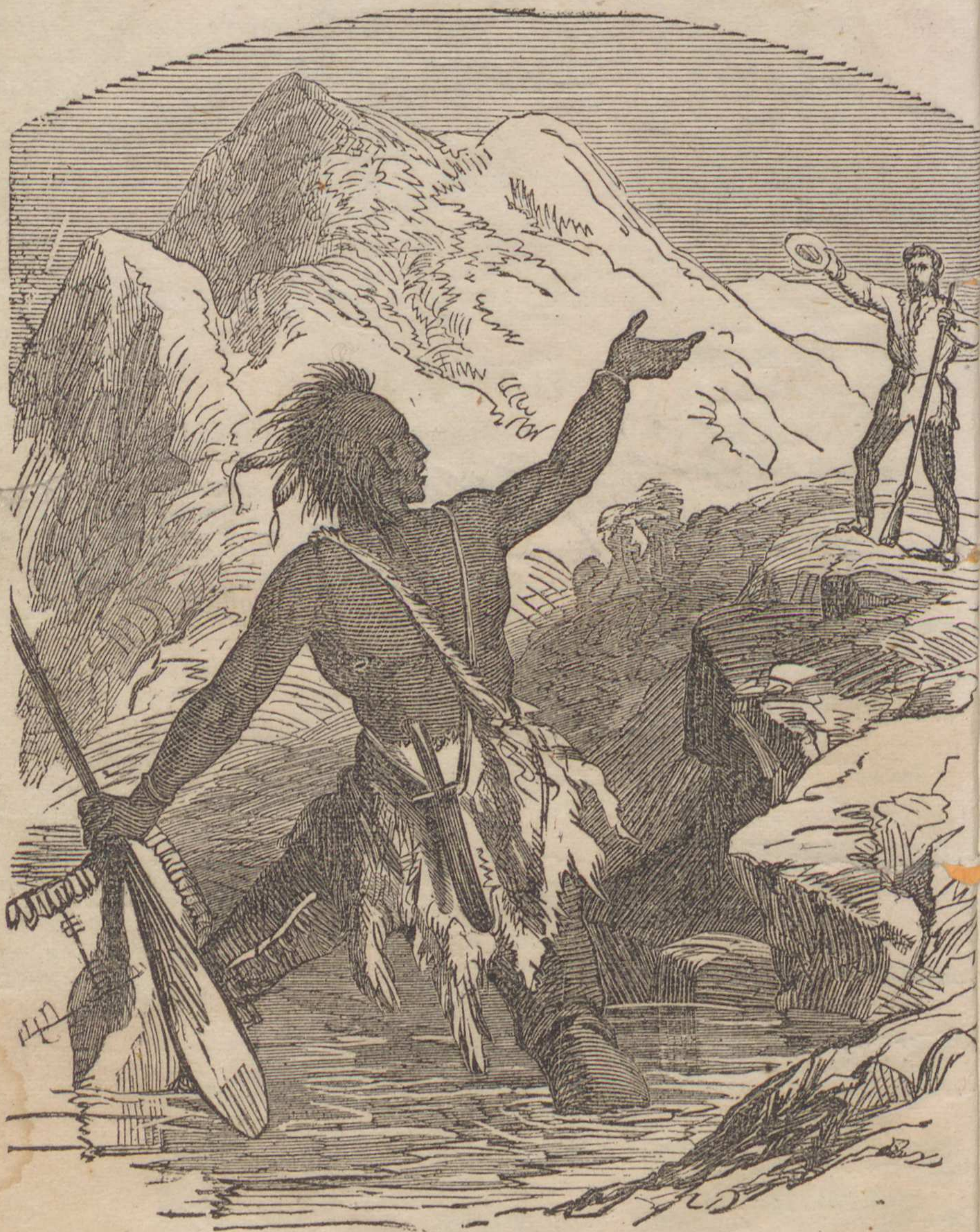
- Song Books, Nos. 1 to 18.
Pocket Songster, Nos. 1 to 4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- National Tax Law for 1866.
Grant's Report.
Sherman's Reports.
American Battles No. 1.
Book of Fun Nos. 1 2 and 3.
Robinson Crusoe (Illust'd)
New House that Jack Built

all Newsdealers. Sent post-paid on receipt of TEN CENTS.

AND COMPANY, Publishers, 118 William St., N. Y.



BIG FOOT, THE GUIDE:

OR,

THE SURVEYORS.

Wm. C. C. Overton
A TALE OF THE CAROLINA SETTLEMENTS.
H. G. Overton

BY W. J. HAMILTON,

AUTHOR OF "EAGLE EYE," "RUTH HARLAND," ETC.

Wm. C. C. Overton
Beadle & Co
NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
• 118 WILLIAM STREET.

BIG FOOT, THE GUIDE

OR

THE SURVIVORS

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

(No. 103.)

BY W. J. HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "EAGLE HAWK," "RED RIVER," "THE

NEW YORK:

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

118 WILLIAM STREET.

BIG FOOT, THE GUIDE.

CHAPTER I.

JARED TOMLINSON.

“Alas for them! their day is o’er;
Their fires are out on hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plow is on their hunting-grounds.
The pale man’s ax rings through their woods,
The pale man’s boat skims o’er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children look by care oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go to die.”

IN the fall of the year 1712 a camp-fire blazed upon the southern bank of the Neuse river, in North Carolina. This period was one fraught with interest to the inhabitants of the country. Three men sat about the fire, in different attitudes, engaged in eating their evening meal. The youngest of the party was an active-looking man of thirty-five or upward. Near him lay the implements which betokened his profession—the compass and chains of a surveyor. The man upon his right had an unmistakeable German face, but bore about him the signs of high birth and breeding. The third, who was working with great zeal upon the venison which lay upon a piece of bark before him, is well worthy of a fuller description. He was built upon the principle of Wouter Van Twiller, the governor of New Netherlands, who, according to the veracious statement of Diedrich Knickerbocker, was five feet six inches high, and six feet five inches in circumference. He had a round, merry face, sparkling blue eyes, and a capacious mouth. A broad belt of black leather was passed about his waist, from which depended, not arms, but a frying-pan, a tin cup, and a number of other useful articles. His dress was of blue homespun, of which twice as much

must have been required as for an ordinary suit. He was well armed for all that, for the hilts of two pistols of extraordinary calibre protruded from the pockets of his hunting-shirt on either side, and he held in his hand, and was using with great effect, a long knife, curved like a Malay creese. Long after the others had finished, he continued to eat away at the venison, never minding their jests upon his gastronomic powers.

"I'll tell you what it is, Master Lawson," he said, addressing the youngest of the party, who was jeering at him, "There are not enough of men in the Provinces to flout me out of my dinner. I eat, and you see the effect. Look upon my fair proportions, and then compare it with the starved conformation of such men as you! Oh, you may laugh if you like, but you have yet to learn what a gratification it is to enjoy what you eat. Pass that canteen."

The young man passed down the required article, when the fat man disengaged from his belt the tin cup before mentioned, and took a mighty drink from the contents of the flask.

"Ah," he said, pausing to take breath, and rubbing his abdomen with his disengaged hand, "*that* goes to the heart, and warms it. Heaven bless the man who first invented such a drink as that! I tell you there is nothing like it. I don't see how those stiff old roundheads up at Boston live at all. This is the stuff," he continued, closing one eye and peering down into the liquor in the cup, "that makes a man forget his misery. Let him be ever so poor, down-hearted, sick of life, and give him enough of *that*, and it makes a man of him, fit to face the world. Your people understand that, mynheer," he continued, addressing the German.

"How so, Herr Tomlinson?"

"You like your stout ales before every meal, and at night you sit on the low porch, and drink mighty flagons between your pipes. Ah-ha."

"You are right, Herr Tomlinson. We drink much beer; but we care little for your strong English drinks."

"There you do yourselves wrong, mynheer De Graffenried. Your ales may serve a good turn, but give me the juice of the barley in its true strength; and better yet, of the rye;

and better still, the grape-juice which hath lain in old cellars for half a hundred years."

"Why, you traveling kitchen," cried Lawson, "must you hang about your waist all the utensils necessary to start a young couple in housekeeping, and yet not be satisfied, that you make a liquor vault of yourself?"

"Have it your own way, Sir Knight of the Chain. You have a long tongue. Look to it that the Tuscaroras do not cut it."

"Look you, Jared Tomlinson, do you think I fear the Tuscaroras?"

"By your good leave, Master Lawson, let me speak. You hold your office from the governor as surveyor-general of this colony. Now, let me ask, what has the worshipful governor to do with this land upon which we make ourselves so very much at home? No more right than I have to the title of Prince of Wales."

"You think, then, that we have no right here, Jared?"

"Not the slightest, my dear Master Lawson."

"Then why are you here?"

"I can't tell you. It may be for the reason that there is no room for this fat body in Port Royal. It may be that I am tired of life, and want to lose my scalp. Then, again, I may think that there is a gold or diamond mine upon the river, and that we may find it. Or I *may* be troubled with a perverse attachment to the son of my old master. Take it which way you will."

Lawson leaned forward and stretched out his hand to Jared. "Take it, old boy," he said, earnestly. "Don't think for a moment I meant any thing but jest."

"Of course not," replied Jared, with a happy laugh. "You couldn't hurt my feelings if you tried ever so hard. You won't easily make me angry at the son of a man who was my leader in many a hard-fought battle with the Spaniard and the Frenchman. Ah, lad, the sights we have seen together—your dear father and I!"

"You followed him long, Jared?"

"Long! I was ten years old when he took me for a page. I was not so large then as I am now, and had not seen so much of the world. I have learned to like good food, *pace*. I am not at all sorry."

"Did you always carry a kitchen-range at your belt?" asked Lawson, with a mischievous expression.

"I always go prepared for any event. We live in a country where no man need starve. When I feel like eating, I take off my belt, knock over a turkey or a deer, as the case may be, and enjoy myself, having all the necessaries of life within my reach."

"How long have you been in this country?" asked the German.

"Ever since Sir Walter died, fifteen years ago. I have wandered up and down the coast, a traveling kitchen-range, as that boy says, and now, at forty-five, there are few who know the country better than I."

"Then you know the position of the tribes?"

"Yes."

"Whose land is this?"

"This land belongs to his blessed majesty, king of England, who never saw it in his life," replied the guide, with a laugh.

"Ah, I understand that," said De Graffenried. "But what *tribe* does it belong to?"

"The Tuscaroras."

"Do you know the tribe?"

"I have been in their lodges. They used to live in the North, many years ago, and consort with the tribes known as the Five Nations, in the colony of New Netherlands. They are one of the proudest nations on the continent. This river runs through the center of their hunting-grounds."

"Then my grant interferes with their rights?"

Jared nodded, and, taking some leaf tobacco from a pouch at his side, begun to fill a red sandstone pipe which he took from another of the numerous pockets which his dress contained.

"Do you think they will make trouble?"

"Would *you*, in their place?" asked Jared, taking up a brand from the fire, and applying it to the pipe.

The German looked disconcerted.

"Now, see here," said Jared, puffing away at the pipe, "I know the head chief. He is a brave man. He will come to you and tell you to get out of his country. If you don't go, he will try to make you."

"And the result?"

"I can not tell you. But I think it will end in sorrow to the Indians. Look at the Hatteras tribe. I have it from their chief—they have only one now—that when Sir Walter Raleigh landed upon their coast, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, they had twenty thousand bowmen in the tribe. There are not many more than ninety to-day. The Pamlicos are gone. Some, retiring at our coming have escaped wrath for the time; but their time will come. Bad liquor—we sell a great deal of bad liquor to the Indians—has worked their destruction.

"How far is it to the largest village of the Tuscarora tribe?" asked Lawson

"About twenty miles. I tell you that there is great danger in coming upon their land with your chains. I have heard Moneto, the head chief, say, that if a white man came upon their lands, and drove stakes, and dragged chains, as was done with the land of the Crees, he would take him and burn him with fire."

"He dare not."

"What is there a head chief of his tribe dare not do? You may take my word for it, that the king himself is not so proud as the chief of the Tuscaroras. But we are wasting time. You have come out here to stake out lands for the Germans. I, having nothing better to do, came out with you, with the pleasing anticipation that they would serve me up as a barbacue before I came back to Port Royal. Who takes the watch to-night?"

"I do," replied Lawson.

"Very well, then. Take it. I don't want it. And if you wake me before it is morning, I will be your death. If there is any thing I hate to be deprived of, it is my natural sleep."

"Food comes first."

"Naturally. The old Romans had a good notion of combining two very pleasant things, for they reclined while eating. If you see a rattlesnake trying to bite me, kill him with as little noise as possible. Do you hear?"

"All right."

"Noise should be avoided, in great as well as small matters. It always makes me mad when I hear the Indians going into

battle, they make such an amount of unnecessary tumult. The ear, my friends, is a delicate member, and the war-cry has far from a pleasant sound. Good-night."

The guide wrapped himself in a blanket, laid himself down beneath a towering pine, and was asleep almost immediately. Custom had made any bed soft to him, but the forest was his home. In spite of his ungainly bulk and odd ways, not one of his companions could approach him, in the knowledge of woodcraft and savage warfare, necessary to the life they led. He had been in many countries, and had proved himself, strange as it may seem, a valiant soldier, a jovial companion, and a faithful friend. He had been a retainer of the father of young Lawson, who was the youngest son of a baronet, and who had followed in the steps of such spirits as Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and the like. The German, De Graf-fenried, had arrived upon the coast with a number of his own nation, and asked from the governor a place to settle. He sent out the surveyor-general, Lawson, with orders to stake out a settlement upon the Neuse for the new comers. They had chosen for their guide the man known to the whites as Jared Tomlinson, and to the savages as "Big Foot."

This name was given him by a party of Indians who had followed his trail, and were lost in wonder at the immensity of his feet. He took the name in good part, and as years wore on, became known to the savages from the great lakes to Florida. A restless, adventurous man, he could not remain for any length of time in one place, but traveled up and down the coast, making visits to the different colonies. He would not trust the water, though much of the earlier portion of his life had been spent upon it. Being in Port Royal at the time Lawson set out, he was engaged to guide them to the place where it was designed to settle the Germans, in the heart of the Tuscarora country.

Young Lawson knew and respected his guide, and depended upon him wholly. His words in regard to the Tuscarora's had made the surveyor uneasy, and he watched with care all night. At times a deer, attracted by the light of the fire, would come out of the woods, and stand gazing at the flame, but, at the least motion of the watcher, would bound away and bury himself from sight in the thick woods. Aquatic

birds, coons, and divers, went fluttering along the silent river. The horned owl hooted in the trees overhead, and the bats flitted silently to and fro in the gloom. Lawson, leaning upon his musket, watched all these things with interest, but without fear, as part of the sights and sounds appertaining to the forest.

The night passed, and the German awoke. Jared still slumbered, with his head upon the gnarled root of the pine. The explorers went about, preparing some of the savory venison left from last night's repast. The moment this begun to roast, the sleeper sat up quickly.

"Oh, ye would—would ye! Roast some for me."

Lawson looked at him with a light laugh: "Do you think that you would wake if I cooked meat at midnight?"

"I hope," replied Jared, in a tone of great severity, "that you would show yourself better acquainted with the rules of ordinary politeness. I am so constituted, sir, that sooner would I die than sleep in such a case. I should wake directly. And if at any time you should be so lost to all sense of right as to try it, expect a tremendous thrashing. Don't let that venison burn."

Lawson informed him that his eye was upon it, as he intended to eat some of it himself.

"'Do unto others as ye would that others should do to you. Cook for others as for yourself.' That is my motto. For if my meat is cooked to suit *me*, the person who don't like it deserves to be beaten. You are sure that meat is not burning?" quoth Jared.

Lawson assured him that it was not.

"Burned venison," pursued the guide, "is something so execrable, as to awaken my wrath by the very name. The person guilty of the crime of burning it, has committed an offense second only to manslaughter. The best punishment for them is to make them eat their own cookery. Where's my belt?"

"You hung it on the bush yonder."

"So I did. I thought one of you had cribbed it. If you had done so, it would have been better for you if you had never been born. That belt is my safeguard. If it were not for that, I should be quite fat."

"You are not fat now?"

"No! What do you call fat? A man is unhealthy until he arrives at my size, beyond which he should not go. I sometimes fear that if I am not very careful of myself, I *shall* grow fat. Now you, for instance, are, in my eyes, a living skeleton. You should eat something. You should get some flesh on your bones; you should indeed. Look out for that venison."

"I will."

"If it burns before I get on my belt, I shall hold you personally responsible. You are not enough of an artist to understand the pleasure with which one who has reduced eating to a science, looks upon cooking. There are many things which are not thought fit to eat. You see those small animals swimming in the water. *They* are good to eat. I have eaten them."

"They are frogs!"

"Just so; they *are* frogs."

"Nobody eats frogs."

"Yes they do. I eat them."

"I'd as soon eat snakes."

"I have never eaten snake-meat myself, but I will not go so far as to say I would not eat it. The natives of Africa eat a large snake called the 'boa' with great relish. I have seen it done in Morocco, myself."

"You won't make us believe that those reptiles are fit to eat, though, Jared."

"There is a prejudice against them as well as snakes. I believe that cooking will make either of them eatable. At dinner, I intend to eat a dish of those frogs."

"Who told you they were good?"

"I tried it myself."

"You might have been poisoned."

"Very true. I should have been a martyr in the cause of science. I cooked a dish of those frogs. It has never been my lot to taste a more dainty dish. I feel that I have made a discovery which shall benefit the world."

Here he was interrupted by the laughter of his friends.

"I say, Jared," said Lawson, choking down a laugh, "who do you think deserves the most credit — Columbus, who

discovered the continent of America, or Jared Tomlinson, who discovered that frogs were fit to eat?"

"Jared Tomlinson, without doubt. The Indian had long ago discovered this continent, and *no one* ever found out about frogs. I look upon myself as a benefactor of the human race. Upon Columbus I look in a different light. By discovering this new country, he has ensured the destruction of its original possessors, and, what is more, ended his own life in misery."

"Do you mean, seriously and gravely, to set yourself up in opposition to Columbus?"

"Yes; and I think I have the best of it. Look out for that meat! Do I smell a scorch? If I do—I'll—no, I don't smell a scorch, but it's done. Take it off the fire."

They sat down to their morning meal, taking pieces of birch-bark for plates, and using their hunting-knives. Jared took from his inexhaustible pockets some cakes of Indian corn, which he distributed among his friends. While eating, Lawson called their attention to the river. A canoe was coming swiftly down, propelled by a single paddle. He turned the canoe to the shore, when he saw them, and landed. Jared looked up, uttered a grunt, and went on with his repast.

CHAPTER II.

THE WARNING.

THE Indian, a tall and warlike-looking specimen of his race, advanced to the side of the camp-fire, and stood looking at the party without a word. After the first glance, Jared appeared to apply himself assiduously to the venison, though a close observer might have seen that he was watching the Indian furtively out of the corner of his eye. The savage waited a decorous time for some one to speak, and then spoke to the guide, in a low, guttural voice, saying:

"Let 'Big Foot' look up, and tell the white men that a great chief stands before them."

Jared laid aside his knife and venison with a sigh. "You ought to know better," said he, "than to interrupt a man as pleasantly engaged as I was. What do you want me to say?"

"Tell these white men to open wide their ears, that the words of a great chief may pass down into their hearts, and make them soft. Ask them what they are doing in the land of the great Tuscarora nation."

"I can tell you that myself, Moneto," replied the other, for it was the head of the Tuscarora nation whom he addressed. "The way of the thing is this: The children of the dark-haired chief," pointing to De Graffenried, "have come from a far country to dwell in this. They are very few, and they wanted a small seat, that they might sit down and dwell in peace."

"Why does he come here? Is there no land upon the other side of the great lake?"

"There are bad men upon the other side of the great lake, who would not let the dark-haired father rest. So he came here."

"It is good. Why did he stop at the great lake, and talk with the white chief at Port Royal? Did he not know that a great nation, which is called Tuscarora, dwelt by the side of the pleasant river? It was not good in the dark-haired chief, that he asked help from a white man first."

The chief was silent for a moment, and then stretched out his long arm toward the young surveyor.

"Who is this?" he asked, angrily, "Do I not know him by the chains at his feet? Does he not drag them over the breast of my mother,* the earth? Does he not drive stakes, and bind her down with cords? Does he not cut down the trees to make a place for the white man's corn? The Tuscaroras are not fools, and Moneto is the head of a very great nation."

"We come in peace," said the guide. "We would have all love between us and the Tuscaroras."

"There is no peace for the Tuscaroras while white men dwell in their lands. I look about me. It is a pleasant

* Reply of a celebrated chief to a President of the United States. "The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. I will repose on her bosom."

place. The deer looks out of the woods. I hear the voice of the partridge, and the sound of running water. A few years have passed, and I stood in the hunting-grounds of the Pamlicos. They were many; they were strong. They had pleasant fields and beautiful rivers. The white man came, and they begun to fade away. Two moons ago, I stood again in the land of the Pamlicos and they were gone. The breath of the white man is as poison to them. I said, I will go into the wigwams of the Hatteras tribe, for they are many. They will tell me what has become of the Pamlico tribe. Surely a pestilence has destroyed them. I looked long, before I could find that which had been the Hatteras tribe. They were very few; they had not a great chief left except Mateyunto, and he is very old. I sat down by his side, and he told me a sad tale of the downfall of a great tribe. The white man did it; not so much with his powder and ball, as with his lies and fire-water. Thus it will be with the Yemmassee, thus it will be with the Tuscarora, until the red-man treads the soil no more."

"Are all white men bad?" asked the guide.

"No, Big Foot," was the answer, delivered in an impressive tone. "If the fathers of the nation spoke to me, and asked me to point out the white man who has never done wrong to an Indian, I would point to Big Foot. But where one is good, a hundred are bad."

"Why has Moneto come to us to-day?"

"A brave passed by in his canoe and saw your camp-fire, some two suns since. He told me that the white men dragged chains and drove stakes in the land of the Tuscarora as they had done in that of the Pamlico, the Hatteras' and the Crees'. The young braves of the tribe would have come with their knives and hatchets, but Moneto would not let them. I said: 'I will go to these men, and bid them depart from the pleasant valley, and no blood shall be shed by the tribe.'"

Jared translated this to the young surveyor. The hot blood of the man boiled over at once. "Tell the pained savage," he cried, "that Henry Lawson will never go back from any task he has undertaken, at the bidding of an Indian."

"You don't think," said the guide, coolly, "that I am donkey enough to translate any such speech as that to Moneto."

Perhaps you don't care for your life at all, but I am of such a strange temper, that I am in no hurry to die. If you have any thing to say which will conciliate the chief, and not make him more angry than he is, let us have it."

"Let me ask, Master Jared Tomlinson," said the fiery young man, with a sneer, "if you are in my employment?"

"Yes, for the present."

"I took you as guide and interpreter, in case we met savages, did I not?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the irrepressible guide, sitting down upon a large stone, and crossing one leg over the other.

"Then why do you not translate my words to this chief?"

"I'll tell you. When I engaged to come out here with you, I didn't engage to do any thing to lose my own scalp. A man without a scalp is truly a pitiable object. I have no desire to figure in any such way. An object by nature, I cling to life, and prefer to keep, as long as nature allows it, all the hair upon the top of my head."

"Let me understand you, Jared Tomlinson. Do you think I will crouch and fawn to this dirty Indian?"

"You are angry now, Henry Lawson. Calm yourself, and look at that Indian. He is waiting for you to say something in regard to his proposition, and yet see how calm, how unmoved his face and figure are. No ill-timed excitement in him, though he has the best cause to be angry. Though your answer may bring bloodshed, and probably will, if you have your way, he maintains that outward calm. That man," said the guide, descending precipitately from the sublime to the ridiculous, "is not troubled with dyspepsia; that calm face, which can smile in the face of any ill, is the result of good feeding. Behold in him an example of my theory: feed well and live a long life."

"Jared, the only thing which prevents my knocking you down, is the fact that you are my father's friend."

"Yours, too; but don't let that restrain you. Hit away!"

De Graffenried interposed quickly.

"Pause!" he said. "Reflect! What are you doing? Can you, Herr Lawson, think for a moment of offending our trusty guide, who has enlivened our journey by his cheerful ways, and has made it easy by his knowledge of the ways of the

forest? Can you, Herr Tomlinson, forget that this young man is the son of your old master?"

"I forget nothing," replied Jared. "Even if he struck me, I should not return the blow. But I will not endanger you all by giving his mad words to the chief."

"Jared," cried Lawson, suddenly, "you obstinate old block-head, do you think I could strike you?"

"No I don't, Master Henry. But I would sooner have you do that than yield."

"You need not. I beg your pardon. Conduct the conference with the chief in your own way; only, remember, we will not go away until I have surveyed for this new settlement."

"I obey you," said Jared, sadly. "But I fear it will bring trouble to us all."

He rose, and, taking the arm of the chief, who had stood motionless as a statue during the quarrel, leaning upon his long bow, led him away from the spot.

"The white chiefs have spoken," said the guide, "and the chief may speak all he has to say in the ears of Big Foot. What *he* says, *they* will abide by."

"I am glad that the white chiefs have spoken. They will go back to Port Royal, and trouble the land of the Tuscaroras no more," said Moneto, persuasively.

"No."

The savage started as if in surprise.

"Perhaps they do not understand. Has my friend the Big Foot spoken in the ears of the white men, and told them that the Tuscaroras are a great nation? Let Big Foot go back to them and say this. Many years ago the Tuscaroras dwelt by the shores of the great lake, called Ontario. They heard that there was room in this land, and they came to dwell in it. They were getting crowded upon the great lake. We drove all the Crees away and took the land. We fought the Hatteras and the Yemmassee. This was Indian nature. They fought until they were tired of war, and then made peace. They fought with bows and arrows and spears. The white men came with muskets and powder. These were bad weapons for the Indians. But the worst of all was the fire-water. The white men must go away. The land is ours, and

we love it. We will not give it up. Tell this to the white chiefs."

Jared made a feint of holding a conference with Lawson and De Graffenried. Returning, he resumed the conference with the chief.

"The 'Earth Chainer,'" indicating Lawson by a waive of his hand, "has made a vow that he will do the duty which was given him by the governor, and will not go back until he has driven stakes for the settlement of the dark-haired chief. What does the chief say to this?"

"It is said," replied the stately chief. "If the Earth Chainer will not go, he must stay. The Tuscarora may not be blamed."

"Shall there be peace between us?"

"The young man has said he will not go; what are the Indians, that they should resist the will of the white men? It is not well, but it must be so," replied Moneto, with affected humility.

"Speak out, chief. I am a plain man, and speak the words of my heart. Is it peace or war?"

"Why should we waste words, Big Foot? The tread of the white men is on the graves of my fathers. A dark cloud has arisen between us, which a breath can not blow away."

"You mean war?"

"Let the white men go back from whence they came," cried the chief, with a glow in his dark eyes, "and all shall be well. The Earth Chainer will be safer in Port Royal than in the Tuscarora country. Moneto has spoken."

"Will you not hear a word?"

"I have spoken. Two suns shall be given to the Earth Chainer in which to leave this place. Let him go."

"Will the chief eat meat with us?"

"No. The forest is full of deer."

"Will he drink?"

"The springs gush from the hillsides, sweet to the Indian's lip, and he will not have the poison of the white man."

"Will he smoke?"

"Moneto will smoke with the white men when he knows that they are his friends."

"The path is long to the Tuscarora village. Let the chief rest and eat."

"Moneto is not a child. The river is before him, and he has a canoe. But, before he goes, let him speak to the Big Foot. He has been kind to the Indian, and they have trusted him. They have not trusted in vain. He is a man. But the time has come when the Tuscaroras fear every thing which is white. We have heard it said, that men dwell in the land of the Lenné Lennape who do not deal with the Indians as the white men do with the Tuscaroras. If they want land, they pay for it in that which is good, and not in fire-water. They never shed blood. But, Moneto has never seen them. He has never looked in the face of the man whom men call 'Father Unas.' The great Manitou has been very kind to the Lenné Lennape, in sending such men to dwell among them, for the Lennape are women, and can not fight. The Shawnees, who fly from the Cherokees, say the same as the Lennape, and it must be so. Let Big Foot, because we love him, go to that land and dwell there. The Lennape are women, and will not shed his blood. But, if he stays here, he will not be safe, for some of our young men, who do not know that Big Foot is a true friend of the Indian, may hurt him. It will be better for him if he goes away."

"If Moneto had a friend who had done wrong, not because he was wicked, but because he was young, would he leave him when he was in danger?"

"No," said Moneto.

"And if this young man was the son of a great brave, who had saved your life in battle, what would the chief think of the man who could leave his son in danger?"

"He would be a dog!"

"Look, then, Moneto," said the guide, laying his hand upon the arm of the Indian. "The father of the Earth Chainer was my war-chief. He struck off the arm of a man who held a hatchet over my head, when I was weak and could not lift an arm. Shall I leave his son?"

"No," replied Moneto. "The words of Big Foot are good. The chief is very sad because it is so. The time may come when we shall meet in the battle. I know that Big Foot is very brave, and he will fight for the son of his friend. Do I not know that he fought against the Coosaws, on the side of the Yemmassee? He has a belt from the great chief of the

Mohawks, and another from the Oniedas. Take this from me, (taking a wampum badge from his arm), fasten it upon your wrist, and if you were at the stake, any tribe of the Iroquois nation would let you go free."

Jared took the badge with thanks, and went down to the canoe with this savage prince. The latter took his paddle, pushed out the canoe, and shot up the river at racing speed. Jared looked after him until out of sight, and then, shaking his head, turned back to his companions.

"You have two days' grace," he said, addressing Lawson. "After that, look out for your scalp."

CHAPTER III.

WAITING FOR TROUBLE.

"You have done it, Master Lawson," said Jared, on the morning after the departure of the chief. "Let me hope that after a good night's rest, you feel like running back to the settlement. I don't mind saying that I do."

"I don't," replied Lawson, stubbornly. "I don't come of a race who are accustomed to running."

"Oh, have it your own way. As for me, when I see proper reasons for it, I will run. You laugh at the idea of my running. Wait until you see me in a place where running will save my life for the pleasure of eating another meal. Only just wait until then. By the way, what shall I say to Catherine when I go back to Port Royal, after the Tuscaroras get your scalp?"

The face of young Lawson flushed at the mention of this name.

"Don't speak of that, old fellow—don't. You make a baby of me when you talk of Kate. If I thought I could, consistently with my honor, go back without accomplishing my mission, I would do it."

"What is the use? Do you suppose De Graffenried could stay here? The Tuscaroras would give him no peace night

or day. What would his poor little handfull of adventurers do against a tribe who can bring into the field over twelve hundred fighting men? The very idea is foolish. They would very likely gobble up the whole party before they could build a stockade."

"That has nothing to do with me. I am surveyor of this province, sent out to perform a certain task, from which I can not, in honor, recede."

"There is a queer old book in the library of the governor which I have looked into, by one Will Shakspeare—plays, you know. A character called John Falstaff, appears in several plays, who, in certain things, was of my opinion. The things which tell most against him, are an inordinate love of a very poor liquor called sack, and the vice of lying. In person, I think he was inclined to be fat, and he loved good eating. But it is the fellow's sayings I admire most, and one of them I will give for your benefit. 'The better part of valor is discretion.' Take that proverb to heart. "I am going to hunt, while you and De Graffenried plant sticks."

The worthy guide took up a finely-finished gun from the cover of some bark, and threw it across his shoulder. He took his course toward a lick known to himself, where he knew the deer were wont to come. The wind was blowing fresh in his face, and there was no danger of the animals' keen scent being of any use to them in noting his approach. In spite of his great bulk, this practiced woodman stepped with the greatest care, and with a springing elasticity in his manner seldom found in a man of his build. At last he parted the bushes above the lick, and looked down into the opening.

It was a circular space in the midst of the forest, a pine opening as it is called to-day. In the very center of this, a clear, bright spring bubbled up, and crept under the bushes in a babbling streamlet. A herd of half a dozen deer came down to drink, headed by a mighty stag, with huge, branching antlers. He stood erect upon a little eminence by the side of the spring, glancing suspiciously on all sides, as the fawns and does went down to drink. There was something so truly noble in the attitude of this forest king, that Jared paused, with his hand upon the lock of his musket, to gaze at him.

His indecision was soon over, and raising his piece, he brought it to bear upon a point just behind the shoulder of the stag, The dull report sounded through the woods, and the brave beast staggered and came to his knees. The does and fawns fled to the edge of the cover, and stood looking in dismay at their leader, and the blood dropping slowly from his wounded shoulder.

Jared advanced into the open ground, and begun to load his piece, with his eye upon the wounded stag, who gazed at his great enemy with eyes which seemed to reproach him. All at once they begun to blaze like suddenly-lighted fires, and he staggered to his feet again, and charged at the guide with remarkable swiftness. He had only time to throw himself backward when the fierce stag passed over him. Turning quickly, Jared tried to hamstring the quarry. But he nimbly eluded the keen knife, and turned again upon the hunter, before he could rise to his feet.

People who live in cities have a vague notion that it is rather romantic than otherwise to be charged by a mad stag at bay. The romance fades into a dim perspective before the reality. With the gore dropping from the wound in his shoulder, straining eye-balls, and almost human sobs of anger and pain, the stag dashed at Jared. Borne backward by his rush, he grasped the strong antlers, and exerting his tremendous strength, kept out of reach of the ragged points. Furious at the resistance, mad with pain, the stag wrestled his head free, and charged again. Jared struck at him as he came on, inflicting a painful but not fatal wound in the throat, which did not impede his progress. As the guide again grasped him by the horns, he heard the twang of a bowstring, and saw a long shaft pierce the heart of his enemy. The beast had fought hard for his life, but it was over. With a single gasp, a bound, which cast Jared breathless to the earth, he fell dead in his tracks.

"Who loosed that arrow?" cried the guide, rising to his feet, slowly.

"I did it," said a musical voice. "Yah-so-bee, the son of Moneton."

The speaker issued from the woods. He was a tall young brave, carrying a long bow in his hand.

"You came in good time Yah-so-bee. I was about done for."

"The mad devil was in the heart of the stag," answered the boy, with a low laugh. "I heard the bushes break and saw that it was the Big Foot. The arrow sped, and the deer will drink no more at the lick."

"What does Yah-so-bee, son of Moneton, do so far from his village?"

"Yah-so-bee is a chief," replied the young man, proudly. "Where is the spot that a Tuscarora chief dare not tread. But my brother forgets. Is not this the hunting-ground of the tribe?"

"Yah-so-bee is right. But the feast of the ripe corn comes soon to the wigwams of the Tuscarora, and the son of a great chief will be there."

"Do not doubt it. The Tuscaroras will not fail to meet at the feast of the ripe corn. Much will be said that a Tuscarora ought to hear."

"But the son of the chief does not walk the woods without a cause."

"No; when Yah-so-bee goes forth with his weapons, he goes for a purpose. Let not the Big Foot ask what it is, for it is locked in the breast of a young chief. The long knives of the white men can not dig it out."

Jared forbore to press the question, though he suspected that the young chief had been left by his father to watch the movements of Lawson, and report. Young as he was, Yah-so-bee had great reputation in the tribe as an active and skillful warrior, and a shrewd head at the council. He bore upon his person as many wounds, taken in the front of battle, as those which Coriolanus boasted. He was known and feared by the Catawba's, the hereditary foes of his tribe. Jared, in his wanderings, had often met him, in various parts of the country, often many miles in the enemies' country.

"It is not the first time Yah-so-bee has left his home," said he.

"The young chief says right. Big Foot has met him far from home, and he has a right to go where he pleases. Why did my young brother save the life of a white man?"

"Because the heart of Big Foot is so red, that it colors his

skin. He is a good man. He should go and dwell with the Lennapes."

"Is Big Foot a woman?"

"No. He is very brave. But he does not strike for the sake of the blood. He would do well to live with Father Unas."

"Does Yah-so-bee follow the trail of the Earth Chainer?"

"When the sun goes down to-night, the Earth Chainer is no longer safe. He is a fool. Why will he not hear the words of wisdom which were spoken in his ears by the greatest chief of the nation. If the Earth Chainer loses his scalp, he will know who is to blame."

Jared dropped the serious air with which he had addressed the Indian before, and fell into his old whimsical manner. "There is a time for all things," he said. "And if we lose our scalps to-morrow, there is the more reason why we should eat to-day. Come, Yah-so-bee, taste the venison you have killed."

"Yah-so-bee has not eaten meat for two suns. Will my brother make a light?"

Jared gathered some dry leaves and sticks, and taking out a flint and steel, soon ignited the little pile. In a few moments a strong flame was leaping upward, upon which he piled light dry wood. He next proceeded to skin a portion of the beast, from which he cut some tender pieces. The Indian needed no help, but selecting one of the pieces, he thrust through it a sharp stick, dipped the whole in the salt spring which flowed at their feet, and held it over the flame. Jared, while following his example, commented on the glorious prospect before him.

"I have heard of men who lived in towns, growing to like good food, but they never knew what happiness it is, first to get food by a hard fight, next to cook it, and third to eat it. They sit on uncomfortable chairs, and wait until it is brought up. Perhaps it isn't cooked to suit. We taste, and if it isn't cooked enough, we give it another touch. Isn't that the true doctrine, chief?"

"Good," said Yah-so-bee, giving his meat another dip in the spring. "Big Foot is very wise."

"Talk about your Frenchmen. They can't cook for me.

Why, if I were to live on their food for a year, I believe I should grow fat."

"What you call fat, eh?" said the young chief, with a laugh. "You fat now, me think."

"No, not fat. Say portly, any thing but *fat*. A fat man is one who has so much flesh as to feel uncomfortable. I have just enough; I wouldn't have an ounce less than my present weight, two hundred and thirty pounds. And I don't want any more."

"S'pose not."

"Now, there is Lawson. He is just as bad as you are. He will have it that I am fat. Now, any one can see that he is wrong. He is a perfect skeleton."

"Earth Chainer?"

"Yes."

The brow of the chief darkened.

"You don't like him."

"He fool, tell you," cried Yah-so-bee, breaking into broken English, of which he had learned a little in his intercourse with the guide. "Big fool—'stonishing fool! Why, he no hear te Moneta? Why, he drive stakes in the land of Tuscarora! No want his scalp. Take it, dough, ef he stay."

This was an admission which the guide had waited for. But he showed no signs of pleasure, or the reverse, but took his meat from the fire, and begun to devour it with a keen relish, casting a half-comical look from his half-closed eyes at the Indian, notwithstanding he had just expressed an intention of scalping his friend.

"We won't quarrel until we say grace," he said. "Will you go to camp with me, and help me carry in some of this game, unless you want it yourself?"

"No want it. I go with you, Big Foot. Not stay long, dough."

"I want your help, that's all."

He fell to work and cut up the deer, taking some of the better portions and inclosing them in the skin. Making a slit in the four corners, he passed a long stick through the holes, and taking this upon his shoulder, motioned to his companion to take the other end. It may seem strange that two men, in such troublesome times, should repose confidence in each

other, but neither of the two for a moment thought of questioning each other's faith. They walked on in silence, through the passes of the hills, fording running streams, until they reached the camp on the bank of the Neuse. It was some time past the meridian, and the surveyors had desisted from their labors, and were resting under the shade of the pines. Both laughed at the figure which the guide cut. His clothes were covered with dust and blood, his belt was all out of shape, and the inevitable tin cup was battered out of form.

"Did you run against a tree, Jared?" asked Lawson.

"Umph. You can jest yet. Have you done your survey?"

"Nearly."

"Do you know that this is your last day of grace?"

"No. You don't know it either."

"Perhaps not. This young man is the son of the head chief, and he has given me good advice for you. If you stay here, you lose your scalp."

"Perhaps worse yet," said Yah-so-bee.

"Do you threaten?" The young surveyor was upon his feet in a moment. "If you dare to do that, look to yourself."

"Beware!" cried Jared. "He can speak English."

"All the better. He can understand what I have to say. Listen to me, you sulky young dog. Did your father send you here?"

Yah-so-bee folded his arms, and faced the speaker with a look which ought to have awed him into silence. But Henry Lawson's greatest fault, a fierce temper, was now fully aroused. He was angry at the head chief for ordering him off their lands, and he considered that the young man was sent as a spy. The quiet manner in which he met his angry look was maddening.

"For the sake of all—" begun Jared.

"Silence!" thundered Lawson. "Don't dare to interrupt me. Speak, dog of a savage, and tell me by whom you were sent to this place?"

"Twice!" cried Yah-so-bee, "you have called me *dog*. I came in friendship. But that word again will make me draw the hatchet."

"Master Henry—" pleaded Jared.

"Interrupt me again, Jared Tomlinson, and I will forget

that you were a faithful servant to my father, on account of your ungrateful opposition to me. Let me have the task of talking to this young Indian."

"Not that word again," interposed De Graffenried, "for it will bring blood. I see it in the eye of the young savage."

"I have asked you twice who sent you here. I will not ask it again. Let me hear your answer."

Yah-so-bee answered not a word, and the furious temper of Lawson boiled over again. He drew his sword with an angry cry. The Indian, nothing loth, whirled his tomahawk on high, and made a bound toward his enemy. Jared cast his arms about him and held him fast, while De Graffenried seized Lawson in the same manner. The phlegmatic German, having seized his charge from behind, had every advantage over him.

"Promise that you will keep the peace."

"Let me go."

"Promise that you will keep quiet."

"I will not."

"Then I hold you," said De Graffenried, with stoical indifference, "until Herr Tomlinson lets the Indian run away."

"I will not hurt him."

"You promise that?"

"Yes."

De Graffenried loosed his hold, and Jared did the same. Lawson returned his sword to its sheath, glaring at the Indian, who stood with his bared hatchet, apparently meditating whether he should not spring upon his hated enemy and kill him. After a little, he returned the hatchet to his belt, and took up his blanket, which he had allowed to drop to the earth, to meet the onset of Lawson. His finely-cut face worked strangely as he turned to leave.

"Ask him to stay a moment," said Lawson, turning to the guide. "De Graffenried, this way for a moment."

The German followed him to one side.

"He must not be allowed to go," whispered the surveyor. "S'death man! He is the son of the head chief, and I have insulted him. Our lives are not worth a day's purchase if he is allowed to go."

"How can he be stopped?" demanded the German.

"Stopped! Easily enough. We will pistol him before we will let him go. But that is not necessary. Draw near, while I engage him in conversation. When I give you the word, seize him about the body, as you held me a moment since, confound you. I warrant you will hold him."

"I don't like it," said the German.

"Neither do I. But it must be done. We will keep him as a hostage for the good will of his people. Come."

The two went back to the young chief. He stood in the same place, restrained by the words of the guide.

"Listen to me," said Lawson, speaking in a mild, conciliatory tone, while the German crept behind the young Indian by slow degrees, apparently unnoticed. "I am sorry that my anger has been kindled against a young chief of the Tuscauras. I ask you to forgive it."

"It is well," said the young chief, coldly. "Yah-so-bee is ready to be friends. But the white man has spoken words which only blood can wash away. He has called a chief of the Tuscauras dog! Let him beware."

De Graffenried had by this time attained the required position, and at the words "seize him!" from the lips of Lawson, he threw himself upon the young savage, and attempted to clasp him in his arms. But Yah-so-bee had been watching the movements of the German, although they had not been aware of the fact, and that worthy closed his arms on empty space, as the young Indian slipped away at the moment when the white man thought he had him.

"Draw your sword," shouted Lawson, drawing his own blade from its scabbard with an angry ring. "Yield yourself!"

But a new opponent stepped in at this stage of the game. Jared had stood quietly regarding the trio during the short dialogue, until the attempt had been made to take Yah-so-bee prisoner. Seeing the two men draw their swords, he put his hands in the pockets of his hunting-shirt, and drew forth the two long-barreled horse-pistols mentioned in an earlier chapter. Cocking them by the action of his thumbs, he took his place between the Indian and the drawn swords of the two gentlemen. He did not offer to raise the pistols, allowing them to hang carelessly by his side. But there was a certain fixed firmness upon lip and brow which taught the others

that he was a dangerous man to deal with. Lawson was the first to recover from the momentary recoil which greeted the appearance of the pistols, and he ordered the guide, in a loud and angry voice, to stand aside.

"Do not be too hasty, Master Henry Lawson," said he. "I am a man who, upon principle, objects to haste. You have undertaken something which you can not carry through. What do you propose to do with Yah-so-bee?"

"To take him prisoner, and hold him as a hostage for my safety."

"It may not be done. He came to this camp at my request, and under my honor's pledge that he should suffer no wrong. And by the grave of my father, I will protect him with my very life."

"Jared Tomlinson, you have braved me twice to-day. You know my blood. It is that of a man of honor. Perhaps it is hotter than his. I made no promise to this Indian."

"No, but I did—not in words, it is true, but in my heart. So strong is the obligation upon me, that I will fight for the Indian to the death."

"Donner and blitzen!" said De Graffenried. "Is it thus your English servants stand up against you. Cut him down."

"Jared, will you make me your enemy?"

"I would not have it so."

"Then stand aside."

"I will not."

"Hew him down! Sturm and wetter! I will go first," cried De Graffenried.

The eyes of the guide flashed, and one of the pistols was pointed full in the teeth of the German. He recoiled in absolute terror.

"Advance another step, you Dutch dog, and I will loosen every tooth in your head with a bullet. Stand back, I say."

The German looked at Lawson.

"I am loth to draw my sword upon him," said he, "when I remember how faithful he was to my father. Why should he be so ungrateful to the son. Jared, I give you one more chance. Retire from before our prisoner, for our prisoner he must be. We will not hurt him, I promise that."

"I will not go back."

"I must think of you, then, as my enemy, and not as my father's friend. You, Sir German, go at him with the sword. I will take the Indian."

"No, no! Master Henry. If you advance a step to lay a hand upon that boy, you die. I shall have something to forget. I shall forget that you are the son of my dear old master, and fire upon you; and I never miss my aim."

"Let Big Foot look to the dark-haired chief," said Yah-so-bee. "The Earth Chainer is mine. See, I have fitted an arrow to the string, and when Big Foot gives the word, the feather shall be red in his heart's blood."

"You see the uselessness of this enterprise, Master Henry. We are stronger than you, and have the advantage of weapons. The Indian could kill you both before you could cut me down. Promise that he shall go away safe."

"I promise," said the surveyor, sheathing his sword with a gloomy look.

"Go, Yah-so-bee," said the guide. "Go in peace."

"I will not leave the Big Foot in danger."

"He is in no danger," said Lawson. "Go, quickly." The savage stopped only to touch his forehead to that of the guide, in the Indian style of salutation, and started up the river at a quick pace, which soon took him out of their sight. Jared uncocked his pistols, put them in his pockets, and proceeded leisurely to rebuild the fire, which had gone down during the quarrel, never once looking at Lawson.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GUIDE DISCARDED.

DE GRAFFENRIED took Lawson aside while Jared was building up the fire. The countenance of the German was full of the stolid anger which is a characteristic of his race. His small eyes glowed under his heavy brows.

"What do you mean to do?" he demanded.

"How?"

"What will you do with him?"

"Jared? Nothing. I am sorry now that I threatened him."

"Wetter! You don't mean to say that you will not punish him."

"I gave that task to you, and you did not seem in haste to undertake it."

"Donner! his pistol against my teeth. Do I control this survey?"

"I suppose so."

"I order you to turn off that man."

"I do not object to that. I see that it is impossible that we should agree. And yet I am very sorry for what has passed."

Jared was imbibing from the canteen, as a preliminary sacrifice to cooking for the party. He greeted the approach of the two with a short nod.

"Jared," said Lawson, quickly. "Your conduct has been such that we can no longer be of service to each other. We will part here. But before you go, I wish to express my thanks for your good service in the few years we have been together up to this day."

"You don't want me?" asked the guide.

"No, Jared; don't misunderstand me. You are of the greatest use to us. But, after what has passed to-day, you can see that we can not be to each other what we have been."

"Why not? Don't you know, as well as any other, that old Jed Tomlinson must have his periodical splurges of this kind? You can't get along without *me*."

"Still we must part."

"Bah! I've a good mind to say I won't go."

"You must. And remember, Jared, if you are ever in trouble, that you have a friend in Henry Lawson, and are not less loved than when we held the relation which we dissolve to-day."

"Donner and blitzen!" said De Graffenried, with his favorite expletive. "You are too kind to him."

"Oh, he is? Now, who told *you* to put your Dutch oar in, I should like to know? Do you think that Jed Tomlinson would go out of his way on *your* account? Not a bit of

it! I came up here, because I knew that the deer in the low Tuscarora country couldn't be beaten, and to please Master Harry. I'm not at all angry, *yet*. But, you speak a few times more, and I shall be."

De Graffenried subsided into quietude.

"One of my chief reasons for parting from you in sorrow," pursued the guide, "is the fact that I have not yet prepared for you that dish of frogs which I promised you should eat before I left you. The coming of the chief put it out of my head, you see, and the events of to-day have been rather exciting. On the whole, I haven't had time to think of it. It would be pleasant to think that I had sent a man back to the land of beer and pipes with one good wrinkle in his head. I wish you would let me wait until I make you a frog-soup and a snake-stew."

"Donner!"

"Yes, you would like it, that I know. The rattlesnake is the *beast* upon which I should practice first. I should extract the poison, and after that they would make a good stew."

"Der deyvel! Tell him to go quick, Herr Lawson. I will not bear it."

"Didn't you hear me say I never hurried? I don't. For instance, I mean to stay by this fire I have built, and the deer which nearly killed me, and cook and eat a goodly portion. You had better go out on your survey. When you come back, you won't find me here."

"No; nor our guns, either," said De Graffenried, suspiciously.

"Look here, Dutchy," said the guide, rising. "Do you mean to repeat any such observations as that? Mind, at the next one, I mean to knock you down."

De Graffenried became suddenly silent, and Jared sat down to the fire.

"Before you go out to finish your survey, let me say a word or two. You are in the greatest danger. After sunset to-night the Tuscaroras will be down upon you as sure as fate. As soon as it is dark, leave your camp-fire burning, and take your arms, go down into the water and wade close along the edge, going down-stream. After you get down about a mile, I advise you to cross the river on logs. Perhaps you can throw the Indians off the scent that way."

"Thank you, Jared," said Lawson, who, now that his anger was over, sorely repented that they had lost the services of the skillful guide.

Jared had sharpened a stick, and thrust it through a piece of venison, which he held over the blaze. "Little did I think," he moralized, "when Yah-so-bee saved me from this stag, that the act would bring about a separation from the son of my old master, Sir Walter. Well, let it pass. Remember what I told you, and never believe that old Jed Tomlinson has a thought in his heart against you. Get done your survey and get out of the Tuscarora country as soon as you can. That's my advice, and you had better take it."

"I will, my good fellow. I will remember your advice and act upon it. We shall meet soon in Port Royal."

"I hope so. But the Tuscaroras are subtle, and you have made two of them your enemies, who are more to be feared than any ten men of the tribe."

"That boy?" said Lawson in a contemptuous tone.

"That boy, as you call him, is the bravest chief, next his father, among twelve hundred warriors. I trembled for you when you called him a dog. The only thing which kept him from braining you upon the spot, was the fact that I had brought him into the camp as a friend. But, don't let me keep you here."

"I fancy that I should have had a word to say about the braining process," said Lawson, with a light laugh, as he took up his chains and compass. "Good-by, old lad."

"God bless you, Henry Lawson. And God guard you," he added, to himself, as the two men moved away. "Hot-headed, unjust at times though you may be, yet so much of the spirit of your father shows itself in you, that I can not help loving you. Go your ways, my lad, and go you with him, De Graffenried, you beer-drinking, pipe-smoking fool! If it was your scalp that was in danger, I don't think I should mind it much."

"What is Yah-so-bee after? I know he is put upon the scent by his father. But, is he alone? I don't know, I am sure. And what shall I do? I can't bear to leave the boy to his fate, and yet he sent me away. Bah! He would not have thought of that if it were not for the Dutchman, blame

him. I braved him; I pointed a pistol at his head. I could do no less, in honor. The young chief saved my life from the stag.

"What shall I do? It looks dark for them, I will own; and yet I can not stay. What will pretty Kate say, when I go back and tell her how I left her father? I don't know, I am sure. And yet it seems best. Well, well, I will go."

With these words he rose, and packed his traps for a start. His preparations were short, and he soon started out upon the trail. After proceeding a short distance, a thought seemed to occur to him. "I'll stand by them," he muttered. "If I can't be with them, at least I can watch over them. Why did they send me away?"

Turning into a thicket near at hand, he wrapped a blanket about him and lay down to wait for night. As the guide had never been in any trouble so great that he could neither eat nor sleep, the reader will not be surprised to hear that he fell at once into a peaceful slumber. When he awoke the moon was rising slowly, and it was time to go. The guide rose, a new man. There was no indecision upon his face now, and he looked as he looked that day, when he stood between Yah-so-bee and the sword of Lawson. He was as ready, now, to stand between *him* and harm.

He advanced toward the camp with a stealthy step, as if stalking a deer. He dreaded that the chief had been before him, and that the two white men had already fallen a prey to their weapons. Crawling forward, with a lightness rivaling that of the Indian in his native woods, he lay prostrate, and took a view of the camp. They had *not* profited by his advice, but had lain down to sleep under the trees, with their arms at their sides. The night was beautiful. Not a cloud upon the sky to mar the deep blue. The woods were vocal with the noise of its many night inhabitants. But among others, the practised woodman heard those which warned him that the Indians were closing in upon the camp.

Lawson was the most wakeful of the two men. At times, he would start upon his elbow, and glance suspiciously about him before he lay down again upon his verdant bed. But he was not so practised in woodcraft as Jared, or he would have known that a remarkable number of whippowills were crying

in the bushes. Jared knew that this was the gathering signal of the Tuscaroras. He was just making up his mind to steal into camp, and apprise the white men of the fact that they were in danger, when a form brushed lightly by him, and threw itself prostrate in the edge of the thicket, overlooking the camp. By the light of the moon, Jared made out the figure of Yah-so-bee, watching the sleeping white men. The low signals, from all sides, told him that the Indians were now so close in, that any effort to arouse the surveyors would only hurry the catastrophe, and he lay quiet, sheltered by the bushes which overhung the spot. He could hear the low breathing of the chief, who lay prostrate a few feet distant, and hardly breathed himself, in his fear that Yah-so-bee would scent him out.

The latter soon rose, and ran a little nearer to the camp-fire, falling down as before. The guide now caught a glimpse of many other dark figures, flitting forward under the light of the moon and lying down in imitation of the chief.

"Ah, poor lad," he thought. "If I could help you. If I *could* only help you. I can't—I can't!"

But Lawson slept on, unconscious of the impending danger. All at once the shrill war-whoop, like nothing else earthly, rung out from a score of throats, and the savages bounded forward like tigers upon their prey. To struggle was useless. Each of the sleepers was borne down by the weight of many bodies, and bound firmly before they could realize their situation. Yah-so-bee, who had taken the entire control of the affair, called in his outlying men by a shrill yell, put guards over the prisoners, and made a camp for the night. Satisfied, from the strength of the party, that he could do nothing to help his young friend, the guide gathered up his arms and stole carefully out of ear-shot of the camp. Then, tightening his belt, he set out on his march to the distant settlement, to arouse the governor by the story of his surveyor's fate.

CHAPTER V.

THE SETTLEMENT.

THUS, early in the history of North Carolina, settlements had sprung up along the shores of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds differing in character. Some of them were the followers of De Graffenried, who had taken land near the coast upon their first arrival. These men were called, to distinguish them from the English settlers, Palatines. The name in that time given to North Carolina, the "Sanctuary of Run-aways," was given to it from the fact that all religious persuasions here found a home. But this was the language of those opposed to freedom in religious opinion. Settlements had been made at various points, and the best upon Roanoke river and Pamlico sounds.

The settlement toward which the guide directed his steps was upon the Roanoke river, and was chiefly an English settlement. He entered it on the third day after the seizure of Lawson, and went at once to the residence of the deputy-governor, William Archdale, a Quaker, and the nephew of the former governor of South Carolina. He was a tall, spare man, with a mild, benevolent face, worthy of a descendant of William Penn. He greeted Jared kindly, for he knew him well, being his interpreter to the various tribes.

"How comes it that you are alone, friend Jared?" asked he. "Where hast thou left our worthy friend, the surveyor?"

"He is taken, friend William," replied Jared, adopting the form of phraseology which he knew would please the deputy-governor best.

"Taken, friend Jared! By whom?"

"By the Indians."

"Dost thou know by what tribe?"

"The Tuscaroras."

"Where did this occur?"

"Upon the Neuse, near the Big Bend?"

"Why wast thou not taken, friend Jared?"

"Because they sent me away a few hours before. But I came back and saw them taken."

"Thou art sure they were not killed?"

"No, friend William; I think the savages sought to take them alive. Their anger was most excited against Lawson, as a surveyor. I don't think they would have injured me, if they could have taken me. I have a good reputation with the tribes."

"Truly, thou art a worthy man. Canst thou tell me what hath incited the Indians to do this thing?"

"I think I can. The lands assigned to the Germans belong to the Indians, and I am very much afraid they will make war, in order to drive them out."

"In good sooth, they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Will the Tuscaroras be alone?"

No; the Crees will join them."

"How soon may we expect them?"

"Within a week."

"Truly, I am not able to strive with carnal weapons. Nevertheless, it would be well if our young men were told to gird on their arms and prepare for the battle. We must send men to the young man of war, Charles Craven, who is governor of South Carolina, that he may send us aid. In the mean time, what must we do?"

"As to that, I see but one way open," said the guide. "Moneton and Yah-so-bee are not the men to sleep upon the war-path. I think that they would never have gone so far as the seizure of the surveyor, if they had not acted upon a regular plan. The Crees will make common cause with them, and they will come down upon us like a whirlwind. Woe to those poor fellows who have made homes beyond the reach of the settlement. It would have been better if the Palatines had stayed in their own country."

"Wilt thou be my messenger to friend Charles Craven?"

"I can not, indeed. But I will find one who will do your errand as well, and he shall set out in an hour."

"Whom shall it be?"

"Seth Matthews."

"He is a goodly youth. But perhaps he is in the forest."

"I think not. We met him in the lower Neuse while

going up, and he said he would be at home for two weeks."

"Go quickly, then. Tell him to make all haste to Charleston and tell friend Charles Craven that we are in deadly peril, and that he must send aid. One must go to Virginia also. Who shall we send.

"Estote, the Catawba. He will peril his life to do an injury to the Tuscaroras. Write a message to Governor Sportswood, and I will send Estote on his way."

"Dost thou know where he is?"

"At hand. He lay under the shadow of a pine, near the door of Matthews' cabin, when I came into the village. Write quickly, or he may be gone."

The lieutenant-governor sat down, and wrote quickly an appeal for help at the hands of Governor Sportswood, who had just recalled a force sent to establish himself and superior in their positions, which were contested by Colonel Este and his companions. Sealing this with his signet, he gave it into the hands of the guide, who made his obeissance and left the room quickly. Passing out of the main portion of the village, he hurried across an open space, passed through a thick grove, and came upon a log cabin embowered in the woods. As he neared the door, a tall Indian, in the war-dress of a Catawba chief, rose from the sod upon which he had been reclining, and stood before him.

"Big Foot make hurry," he said, chopping off the English in the manner peculiar to his people. "No talk to frien', eh."

"I have been looking for you, Estote. There are clouds in the sky."

"Ugh!" said Estote.

"The Tuscaroras have sharpened their hatchets against us. They join the Crees in a race for scalps. What says the Catawba?"

"Ah—ha! The Tuscaroras are dogs. Estote has taken so many scalps from them, that he has no place to hang them in his lodge. He will not go backward, if the Tuscarora wolves howl upon his path."

"Hark then, Estote. The Earth Chainer has been taken by the Tuscaroras. We are the men to laugh in their teeth. We shall go by-and-by, and take him away. But the Gov-

ernor gave me this. Take it to the chief at Jamestown, and do not waste time on the road. Come back into the Tuscarora country, and wait for me at the Big Bend of the Neuse. Do you see your path plainly?"

"Yes; me see. What you do, Big Foot?"

"I can't say. I shall be busy enough. Don't stop to talk."

The Indian took up his arms, which lay upon the ground at his feet, tightened his belt, and started off at the long loping trot which an Indian can maintain all day. Jared looked musingly after him, and turned again toward the door of the cabin. It opened at his approach, and a young man stepped out upon the threshold. He was tall, with curling brown hair, a pleasant mouth, about which a smile always lingered, and a noble carriage.

"How now?" he asked, as he caught the eye of the guide. "You are back soon."

"Too late, you would say," replied Jared.

"What do you mean? Where is Lawson? Where is De Graffenried?"

"Ask the Tuscaroras; they know best."

The young man made a single quick stride, and caught the guide by the shoulder with a grasp which was any thing but pleasant. "Speak," he whispered, hoarsely. "Don't keep me in suspense."

"As I am not cased in armor, Seth Matthews, let me ask you to take your hand from my shoulder. Your grip is like a vice."

"Excuse me, Jared. I am in fear for Lawson." Don't say he is taken by these vile savages."

"But suppose he is?"

The countenance of Seth Matthews fell, and the guide began to look sad. "It's the truth," he said. "I did my best for him. But he got angry at me, and turned me off. That night they came upon him and took him prisoner."

"Who shall tell this to Kate?"

The guide started, and his pleasant face worked strangely.

"It's no use," he cried. "I can't help making a baby of myself when I think of that girl. I tell you, I'd sooner cut off my right hand at the wrist than go to her, and say that

her father is in the hands of the Tuscaroras. You must do it."

"I!"

"Yes."

"You can't mean that, Jared."

"Why not?"

"Do you think that I could go to her and say that? No, it couldn't be done. It's an impossibility. I love Kate Lawson, and it would kill her, I know. Can't something be done? My dear Jared, can't we save him?"

"I have sworn to attempt it," said Tomlinson. "I may fail in the attempt, but the attempt shall be made, nevertheless."

"Who is with you?"

"Estote."

"I am one of the party. We will stand or fall together."

"You have a duty to perform first. Take this message to Governor Craven. The Tuscaroras and Crees are in arms. Help must come, and it can not come too soon. I expect an attack to-night or to-morrow upon the frontier, and I must travel all night and warn all I can. Many it will be impossible to save."

"My God! How can I go away?"

"It must be done. Make all haste back and meet me here. We will set out immediately upon your return. A horse waits for you in the stables of the governor. Keep in the Catawba country as much as you can, and ride hard. Look out for the Crees. They are on the war-path, and are hungry for scalps."

"But I can not see Kate."

"You must. Besides, my lad, I know that you would not undertake this journey unless you had seen her. Come, make haste. I will walk back with you. Who keeps your house?"

"Old Mattie."

"Tell her to pack up all and go into the settlement. Don't waste time yourself."

The preparations of the young man were soon made, and he joined his friend on the outside."

"You have sent off Estote. Where did he go?"

"To Jamestown."

"Ah! Then we look for aid from both sides."

"We shall need it."

"What force can they bring against us, do you think?"

"The Tuscaroras muster over twelve hundred fighting men, and the Crees will send out enough, I have no doubt, to bring the number up to two thousand."

"So many?" cried Seth, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, and they know how to fight, I give you my honor. We shall need all the help we can get. Hold on!" he whispered, suddenly.

"What is it?" asked Seth, in the same tone.

"I see a turkey," was the answer, "and I want him."

"Can you think of eating at such a time as this, Jared?"

"'Twon't take scarce a minute," replied the guide, unimpressed by the reproachful tone of his companion. "You stand just behind that tree and you shall see how I will fix him."

Knowing perfectly well that opposition would be lost upon the guide, and only hoping that he would not stay to cook any of his game then, or that he would lose it, Seth did as he was desired. Jared lay down under the shelter of some low bushes, and uttered a short:

"Cluck! cluck!"

The turkey erected his head, and looked quickly about him for the originator of the sound. So absurdly like the noise made by the hen turkey was the noise which came from the throat of Jared, that Seth refrained from laughter only with great difficulty, in spite of the situation of affairs.

A lively dialogue now commenced between the hidden guide and the gobbler, who continued to approach the bushes with uncertain steps. When he had drawn him near enough, Jared drew a pistol and brought down the game, a famous fellow, upon whose prostrate form the victor gloated with intense delight.

"This is the game of life," he said lifting the dead bird. "Thus do we lay snares for unwary feet. I shall feast, to-night, upon the flesh of the bird I have betrayed through his love for his kind. But shall I like it less from this fact? No, I shall rather enjoy it. I should never have gained my present

fair proportions, had I not preyed upon inferior animals. Such is life."

Thus moralizing, he took up the bird upon his shoulder and led the way down the forest path. As they neared the village, both stopped, with one accord, on hearing a clear female voice singing a lively air. The face of the young man flushed quickly, and then became pale as marble. Both spoke at once:

"It's the gal!" said the guide—"Kate! I can't tell her."

Before they could stand aside, the singer came round a bend in the path, full in view—a slender, graceful girl, with sunny-brown hair floating back unconfined from a clear, white brow. A dainty dress, too short for fashion, but marvelously bewitching, showing as pretty a foot and ankle as ever graced the court of Queen Bess. Her coquettish garb, half Indian and half white, set off her trim figure to the best advantage. Seth caught his breath, for he loved Henry Lawson's daughter—bonnie Kate. She started back at the sight of the two men, and broke off in her song. But, recognizing them at once, she hurried forward, and accosted the guide:

"Jared, good Jared! where is my father?"

Despite his rough exterior, a kind heart beat in the bosom of Jared Tomlinson. How could he tell this girl that her father was a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. He turned to Seth for relief, but he had turned away his head, and was watching the flight of a covey of partridge, which rose at that moment at their feet. The girl marked his hesitation:

"You do not speak, Jared. Why do you hesitate?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Jared!" with a stamp of the little foot. "Don't make me angry. I asked after my father." Her voice rose almost to a scream.

"I must do it, then. You'll be sorry you asked me, Mistress Kate. I am sorry to say it, but I have sad news to tell you."

She gave a little moan, and sunk down upon one knee in the path, resting her fair young head upon her clasped hands. The arms of Seth were around her in a moment:

"My darling! look up. There is hope yet. He is only a prisoner."

"Only ! To whom ?"

"The Tuscaroras."

She rose quickly, and cast aside her lover's arm. The strength of purpose in the action startled the old guide.

"Then why are you here, Jared Tomlinson ? You should be a prisoner with him. Oh, my father—my father !"

"Don't Mistress Kate. I didn't have my will. If I had, it would have been different. He sent me away. I was wrong to go away. I ought to have stood out and said I *wouldn't* go ; but he sent me away, and I went. God forgive me, I went ! And when I came back they were all about him. You will say, ' You should have stood by him then.' I fully meant to help him when I came back ; but what could I do ? Yah-so-bee had sixty men, and I was alone. But I will aid him yet. I am going back in a few days, and will aid him. Don't blame me, and don't weep too much, if you can help it."

"Perhaps he is already dead."

"No, no. They will keep him until after the assault."

"What assault ?"

"I didn't mean to tell you that, but the Tuscaroras are on the war-trail. We shall have little peace in North Carolina for many a day. Seth goes to Charleston to-day. As soon as he comes back, we will go to the Tuscarora village. We will aid him, never you fear. We will aid him."

"I have no hope," said the girl, mournfully. "I look upon my father as one already in his grave. I shall pray for him, and weep for him as for one dead. But I thank you, Jared. Did you quarrel with my father ?"

"I never quarrel. He tried to take the young chief, Yah-so-bee, prisoner, who had come into camp under my safeguard. The boy had saved my life that day, besides being there on my honor. I protected him, and he escaped. Your father said that, after what had passed, we could not seem the same to each other. He was wrong. I harbor no malice, and should have served him faithfully still. But the Dutchman would not have me stay, and so I left them. If they had only done as I told them, even then—my God, if they only had ! I told them to break camp at early evening and go down the river. They would have been safe there. But

they thought they knew best, and kept their old camp. Yah-so-bee came down with sixty braves, or more, and took them."

"Were they not hurt?"

"No. I saw them both on their feet after the struggle was over, and I am sure they were not hurt, at least not much. Your father's temper alone will destroy him. I am going on to the town," he continued, picking up the turkey, which he had dropped in his first encounter with Kate. "You two get over your parting as soon as you can, and remember, that every moment you spend is so much taken from your father's chance of life."

With these words he turned his back upon the pair, discreetly refraining from looking back. In half an hour, Kate was in her father's house again, and Seth was riding down the slopes of the Old North, on his road to Port Royal, where he intended to send his message to Charleston by boat. He was lucky enough in finding a sloop just putting out for that place, to the captain of which he gave the message. Then, turning his horse's head to the North, he rode toward home. But, while he was on his way, the Tuscaroras were not idle.

Dark days were these in the history of the Old North State. The wretched Palatines, who had accepted land which was owned by the Tuscaroras, fell victims first to the terrible destruction. The blaze of one cabin lighted the way of the destroyers to another. Few were spared, for Moneto and his son had taken to heart the doctrine that the young rattlesnake may grow old enough to bite. Men women, children—all felt the hatchet.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TUSCARORA VILLAGE.

YAH-SO-BEE aroused his captives at early morning and told them to be ready for the march. Lawson had spent the night in a fever of vain self-recrimination, that he had been so weak as to suffer himself to be surprised, especially by the young chief, whom he had given reason to hate him. He cursed his own blind folly which had led him to arouse the anger of the chiefs. He cursed the impenetrable calm of De Graffenried, who took his misfortune with the phlegmatic quietude of his nation.

Yah-so-bee had accompanied his father down the river with his braves, and lain in ambush until the days of grace which Moneto had appointed had passed by. He then surrounded the camp and captured the two men.

Lawson rose, at the call of the young chief, and made his preparations to depart. His limbs had been unbound, but a dozen braves stood around, who, though they appeared to be careless, and to look at no particular thing, stood with strung bows in their hands. Lawson knew that any attempt at flight would be the death of him. So he did not attempt it.

The young chief, with a delicacy which was unlooked for in a savage, refrained from any speech with his captors which might gall them, or make them think he exulted. He did not exult. All he had done had been from a sense of duty to his tribe.

They had not much to do, and were soon upon the march. The prisoners were guarded by eight men, who walked two in front, two in the rear, and two upon each flank.

Lawson looked at these precautions with ill-concealed anger, which was unnoticed by the chief. A mile from the camp they were joined by Moneto, who waited for them under a pine, growing upon the river-bank. He cast a single look at the captives, and then fell silently into place by the side of his son. They camped that night thirty miles further up the

Neuse, where Lawson demanded an interview with the head chief. He sent Yah-so-bee to hear what he had to say.

"Why do you come?" demanded Lawson. "I sent for your father."

"Yah-so-bee is the son of Moneto. The great chief can not learn the speech of an enemy, and his son has learned a little. Let the Earth Chainer speak."

"Why have we been taken?"

"The Earth Chainer has no right to ask. He has come upon the land of the great Tuscarora nation, and dragged chains upon it. Are the Tuscaroras weak that they should endure this? No, they spit upon such men. If the Earth Chainer had gone into the land of the Catawbias, they would have helped him drive stakes into the earth. But we have greater hearts in our bosoms."

"I demand liberty."

"You can not go free. The great chiefs of the nation shall sit in council and say what shall be your fate."

"My nation will avenge me."

"The Tuscaroras will not wait for that. See. If you could look with the eyes of a red-man, you would see the flames flash along the border. It is the flame of a burning wigwam. It is the wigwam of a Yengee. The Tuscaroras and the Crees laugh. Ha, ha!"

Lawson started.

"What do you mean? The tribes will not rise against the settlers?"

"They trample upon our pleasant valley and drive the deer away from the licks. They give us strong water to drink and we die. Yah-so-bee will sooner die with a hatchet in his hand than so."

"Oh, God!" said Lawson, "protect my child."

"The Indians are not to blame," said Yah-so-bee. "The Yengees had land enough near the big water. I am a chief. They were my friends until they trampled upon the graves of my fathers. Now let them look for blood and smoke. The Tuscaroras will not go to sleep upon the war-trail."

"Did my servant betray me?"

Yah-so-bee did not understand him.

"Did Big Foot betray me?"

"Has not the Earth Chainer known the Big Foot long?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever wrong him?"

"No."

"Why suspect him now?"

Lawson was silent.

"If all men were like Big Foot, the tribes would not dig up the hatchet to-day. He has kept faith with the Indians, and they hope that he will go away and live with the good Father Unas, in the land of the Lenné Lennape."

"You speak well of him."

"I give him what is his. An Indian would not see a hair fall from the head of Big Foot by the hand of an enemy. There is always a warm place for him in their wigwams, and something to eat. The Big Foot eats much, and he makes his heart strong and great."

In spite of his great peril, Lawson could not help saying: "Yes, and his body, too."

"Big Foot will fight against the Tuscaroras, and our braves will be hungry for his scalp. When they take it, they will show it as the scalp of a very great brave. The Catawbas will fight against us. There is a dog who lingers about the cabins of the Yangees, and eats the bones which they throw under the table. His name is Estote. This dog has crept out upon the war-trail, and torn off the scalps of many a Tuscarora brave with his teeth. My hatchet is hungry after the skull of Estote, chief of the Catawbas."

Lawson remembered having seen Estote in the settlement, and he knew very well that he was a brave and valiant warrior.

"Is not Estote brave?" he asked.

"Why should a great chief lie? We have met in battle, and this is the mark of the teeth of a dog of the Catawbas. Estote is not afraid. When he dies he will die like a man, upon the knife of Yah-so-bee." He bared his breast and showed a deep scar.

"Listen to me, Yah-so-bee. Set me at liberty. I came into your country at the command of my chiefs. I can not hope that you will spare my countrymen at my request. But let me go and fight in their defense. If you take me with arms

in my hands, then do with me as you will. But I came among you as a peaceful man, and you set upon me unawares."

"The words of the Earth Chainer are not words of wisdom. Moneto came to him, and told him to go away from the country of the Tuscaroras. He gave him good time. There was nothing to keep him, and if he had listened to the words of the good and wise Big Foot, he would be, to-night, in the white men's village by the Roanoake. But he was very hot. He did not answer the chief well, and he went away sadly, for he feared that the Earth Chainer would not go away. He was right. The Earth Chainer would not listen to the words of Big Foot. He was very angry, and sent Big Foot out to kill a deer. I heard the bushes bend and crack, and saw the Big Foot under the hoofs of a stag. My shaft was in his heart the next moment. My heart was very great toward Big Foot, and I went with him to the camp. The Earth Chainer knows what was done. He would have put bonds upon the limbs of Yah-so-bee, but Big Foot would not see it done. He stood before Yah-so-bee, and held up his short guns against the Dark Hair, who does not speak a word. Then Yah-so-bee went away, and the Earth Chainer sent Big Foot away, and when he did it, he sent away his best friend."

Lawson dropped his head upon his hands at the words of the young chief. He knew that they were true—realized that in Jared lay his only hope of escape, and he had estranged him by his ill-timed anger. The unhappy surveyor had, among many good and brilliant traits, the unfortunate gift of a hasty temper, and this, more than any other thing, hastened his unhappy fate. This was one of the many moments when his heart rebuked him for his temper. He found voice to say:

"But you would have taken us even if I had not sent Jared away."

"Big Foot is very cunning," said the young chief, in a tone of admiration. "He get away, and take you with him, if he stay."

Lawson said no more, seeing that the chief was decided upon this point, and the interview ended. In the morning they resumed their march, and, about ten o'clock, entered the main Tuscarora village. As usual in such cases, a confused group of women and boys came trooping out to meet them,

yelling at the sight of the prisoners like hounds upon a hot scent. Lawson walked, with a proud, confident mien, in the center of the guard. De Graffenried, looking neither to the right nor left, and never moving a muscle of his face, had gained a reputation for great firmness under trial. And yet, when the time came, he was by far the worst man of the two.

The yelling troupe of youngsters and women made the air vocal with their cries against the "Yengees," whom they had been taught to hate. The warriors ordered them back sternly, and they stepped aside and followed after the band, who walked with stately steps into the village, and disappeared in their several lodges, while the prisoners were assigned to separate lodges and a strong guard.

The Tuscarora confederacy, consisting of several villages, situated between the Neuse and Tar rivers, was the garden of North Carolina. The emigrants from the devastated Palatinate encroached upon their lands, and it is not to be supposed that this nation, the bravest of the brave, would bear this without striking a blow. The advent of the surveyor, with his chains and compass, kindled the smoldering fire into a flame. For months they had been chafing under the encroachments of the whites, and when one of them dared to come upon their lands, and cut them into farms for white settlers, they seized the unlucky offender for trial.

The region they inhabited was well suited for predatory warfare. The dwellings of the unhappy Palatines were scattered over a wide extent of land, and they were entirely at the mercy of the Indians, who could make armed incursions, and retreat to their fortifications. The Iroquois nation, of which the Tuscaroras are a part, always had certain crude ideas of fortification, as those found, to their cost, who endeavored to subdue them.

On the fourth day after the capture, Yah-so-bee came into the lodge where Lawson was confined. He was armed for the war-path, and looked fierce enough in his war-paint.

"Let the Earth Chainer be patient," said he. "The braves of the tribe go out upon the war-path, and they may be many days upon the trail. Until they return, nothing can be done with him."

"Why may I not be tried now?"

"You are in a hurry," said the other, bitterly. "Perhaps you would not be sorry to wait if you knew what they say in the village."

"May not the Dark Hair be my companion?"

"Yes."

"Do you march against my people?"

"Yes. Before many days, the very name of a Yengee shall pass from off the land of the Tuscaroras. We shall be avenged!"

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE messages to the governors of Virginia and South Carolina reached them in good time, but not until the circle of fire had begun to blaze about the cabins of the hapless German emigrants. The outlying cabins throughout the country felt the force of the blow. The darkness of night was enlivened by the blaze of their dwellings. The foe they now encountered was more fierce than the implacable Luvois, who had desolated their homes in the Palatinate, and more hated than Louis XIV, their inhuman persecutor,

On the 22d of September, 1712, the Tuscaroras and Crees begun to gather about the cabins along Pamlico and Roanoake river. Signals, unknown to the inhabitants, sounded through the woods during the day, and at night the gathering-yell was sounded. The Huguenots at Bath, together with the planters in their neighborhood, were slaughtered in scores. In the words of the historian: "They were struck down by the glare of their own cabins; and, with a lighted pine-knot in one hand, and the tomahawk in the other, the hunters after men pursued their game through the forest."

For three days the slaughter continued, and on the fourth, the murderers approached the settlement over which the lieutenant-governor presided. Some preparations had been made to receive them. A strong stockade, capable of holding all the

women and children, had been built, and furnished with sufficient provisions for a siege. Jared, who had agreed to stay until the return of Matthews, took command of the scouts, and went out himself to spy out the approach of the enemy.

He was armed as usual, with the exception of his cooking utensils, which he was induced to lay aside on account of the noise they might make while scouting. He had seen all the women safe in the stockade, and then went out, waving a farewell to them in his usual courtly style. Old men, women and children looked after him as after a tried friend, whom they trusted and loved; and a sensation of fear fell upon all these hapless ones, as his burly form was concealed from view in the forest.

The signals and calls in the woods were not lost upon the scout. He heard them and understood their meaning. The Indians were gathering upon the trail.

Passing through the dense forest, he reached a verdant glade, where the grass was short and green, just touched with the ripeness of September. Here he paused and listened, and was just about to hide himself from view when the foliage rustled, and two savages leaped out into the open space. A single glance convinced him that they were strangers, and of the Cree tribe. Each gave utterance to a short exclamation at the appearance of the guide, and their tomahawks were brandished simultaneously. The guide simply dropped his hands upon the pistol-belts protruding from his pockets on either side, and called to them to stop. They paused in their onward rush, at the sound of the firm voice.

"Give back!" cried he. "What do you want?"

"I scent white blood," replied the tallest of the twain, who had been made bold by the three days' massacre. "Five scalps are in my belt. Ah, ha!" As he spoke he tossed his tomahawk in the air, catching it by the handle as it descended, giving utterance to a shrill yell.

"Don't make that noise again," said Jared, taking one hand from his pocket, with a pistol in it. "You will get hurt if you do."

The Cree answered by a shout of derision, and balanced his hatchet for a throw. Jared lifted his arm and pulled the trigger. The Indian went down with a bullet in his brain. The

shorter Indian looked at his fallen comrade for a single moment, and then his body rose into the air with an alert spring, launched full at the guide. But for the surprising address of the latter, he would have been knocked senseless to the earth. Sinking quickly upon one knee, he fired at the whizzing body. Of course he fired with an unsteady aim, and the result was a mere flesh wound, which only made the red rascal angry. The guide rose to his feet with undisturbed composure, drawing his knife, as he had no time to reload.

"Now, Cree," said he, "I know you. It won't do for you to try on any games with *me*. In a word, will you go, and trouble me no more."

"Saugamee will go," said the savage, as he wheeled upon the guide, "when he has taken the scalp of a Yengee dog."

"Saugamee, chief of the Crees?"

"The name is fearful in the ears of a Yengee. Ya, ha!"

The yell was accompanied by the rush of the active body. But the guide was ready, and his eye upon every motion. The savage came on with a knife in his left hand and the hatchet in his right, flourishing both with an ease and grace which showed that he could use both hands equally well. Jared received the right hand in his broad palm, and plunged his right hand into the face of the Indian. He went down under the heavy stroke without a cry.

Bounding over the prostrate form, Jared plunged into the bushes, just as two or three savages came out into the open space. They raised a yell at the sight of the two bodies, and hearing the rustle of the bushes where the guide bounded away, they started in pursuit. It was now a fair race, for he could not mask his footsteps with the enemy so close upon him. That a man with so much flesh should be so agile in a combat was in itself wonderful. But, that he should be able to run with the fleetness of a hunted deer, was more so. Yet so it was. The Indians in pursuit were good runners; but, to their surprise, the chase was leaving them behind with great ease. And if his pursuers had been all behind him, he would have run them out of sight without fail. Trained to the forest, the flesh of the hunter was not of that sodden, obese kind which our fat men carry about at this day. But the Indians

were closing about him from all sides, and he felt that to run further would be dangerous.

A grape-vine, pendant from a tree, swept back by the wind, struck him in the face. This gave him a new idea. Grasping the vine with both hands, he ran back as far as he could, and swung out as far as the vine would go. Upon the second spring he leaped, and touched the earth thirty feet away. His object was to make a temporary break in the trail. He had no doubt that they would find it, but it would baffle them for some moments. He struck lightly upon a fallen tree-trunk, and darted into the bushes close at hand.

Upon the other side of the copse he saw a single pine, upturned by the roots, in such a manner that it afforded a shelter under the earth at the root. His first thought was to enter, when, looking toward the stem of the tree, he caught the glimmer of the water, and knew that he was close to the river-side. He had not thought himself so near the stream. Mounting upon the stem of the tree, he ran quickly down toward the top, hearing plainly the yells of the savages, who had reached the spot where the trail was broken.

"Ah, yell away," said the unmoved guide. "If one was fool enough to be scared by noise, the yell of an Indian would surely scare him. But yell away, I say, for Jared Tomlinson will soon be safe in the block-house. I have shed Iroquois blood to-day, for the first time. They forced it upon me. I hope Yah-so-bee will not know it."

He was not idle during this soliloquy, for he was cutting down pine branches, which he quickly wove into a sort of huge garland. These he passed over his head, resting upon his shoulders. Other small boughs bound upon the top finished this novel head-dress, and he walked down into the water, and swam out into the current.

At this place the Roanoake is swift, and the little bunch of green branches was hurried quickly down the stream. Many savages lying upon the bank saw it as it floated past, but never dreamed that it concealed from their view the head and shoulders of Big Foot. And while they were hurrying through the woods in search for his lost trail, he allowed himself to float for nearly a mile in the swift current, when he turned to the shore, took his pistols and ammunition from the

branches in which he had placed them, and set out for the fort.

"What say you, friend Jared?" asked Archdale. "Are we in danger?"

"Yes," replied the guide; "the Indians are close at hand."

"How many?"

"I did not stay to count," said he, with a smile. "The forest is full of them. No doubt the best men of the Tuscarora and Cree nations are upon the war-trail."

"Bid our young men stand to their arms. I am not a man of war, but verily I can not stand idly by while these savages take our little ones, and dash them against the stones. Thou wilt take command of our young men, friend Jared?"

"Until Seth Matthews returns."

"It is well. He is a valiant young man, and well skilled in the art of war. I will take a weapon, and gird a sword upon my thigh. Truly, I am a man of peace toward men but not toward demons."

The philosophy of the worthy Quaker must not be used against him to his discredit. If his own person had been in peril, he would not have lifted a hand in his defense; but the tales which the wretched fugitives brought from their desolated villages had touched his heart, and roused all the latent combativeness in his nature.

Two hours passed. The calls and cries in the woods told that the Indians were near at hand. In a short time a tall Indian emerged from the woods, making peaceful signals. He was allowed to advance within musket shot of the stockade when he was halted.

"Dost thou know him, friend Jared?" asked the governor.

"Yes," he replied.

"Who is he?"

"Yah-so-bee, the son of Moneto."

"He is making signals. What doth he require?"

Jared watched the motions of the young chief's hands intently for some moments. "He asks a conference," said he.

"Who shall go out to meet him?"

"I will."

"Thou shalt not go. Thou art a strong tower and a defense unto us. Let some one go who will not be so great a loss."

"And who might that be?"

"I am such a man," replied the Quaker. "I can not fight with carnal weapons. Peradventure, if I go forth and labor with this misguided savage, I may soften his heart."

"You shall not go; I know this young chief, and he is well disposed toward me."

"Will you go armed?"

"No."

The guide divested himself of his weapons, and left the stockade. Half-way between the gate and the place where the young Indian stood, he paused, and beckoned to Yah-so-bee to advance at once. He obeyed without the slightest manifestation of fear, trusting implicitly in the honor of the white man.

"Yah-so-bee is further still from his home," said the latter. "Can he give a good reason to-day?"

"He can give a better reason than before. Men who have no right dwell upon his land, and cut down the trees with their axes. Yesterday they lived; to-day their scalps hang in the belts of red warriors."

"Why do you come to us?"

"Many white men are in yonder fort. Our hands are tired with killing. We have taken so many that we would not know what to do with any more. We came to say this: there is much corn about the lodges of the Tuscaroras and Crees. They want some one to work in the fields, that our women may sit in the wigwams and talk to us. We will not kill these white men. Let them yield, and we shall be very kind to them."

"The people in yonder fort," said the guide, pointing with his hand, "have heard of the vile and wicked deeds you have done. Their hearts were soft toward the Tuscaroras before, but now they are hard as stone. Do not think you have a lot of children here, or peaceful men, such as those you killed at Bath. There are many young men, with arms in their hands. They will fight while they have strength to lift a weapon, and when they are gone, the old men, and they are many, will take up arms to defend the place. Our very women will fight until not one remains."

The Indian listened with patient attention to the words of

the white man. When sure he had finished, he lifted his hand as if claiming attention, and begun again.

"The words of Big Foot have passed into the ears of Yah-so-bee, and he listens to them, because they are the words of a man older than himself; but they are not wise. The Tuscaroras are not tired in the body; they *are* tired of seeing so much blood. My brother does not know how many red men lie in the bushes; if he only knew, he would be ready to give up at once. For every white man, woman and papoose in the stockade, we have so many," holding up one hand and spreading out the fingers. "Is it wise for my brother to fight against so great a force."

"Has not Yah-so-bee forgotten something? The Tuscaroras may be many, and their hatchets may be keen; but will they be able to hew down the walls of the stockade with them."

"Logs will burn," said Yah-so-bee.

"Not *green* logs, Yah-so-bee. I built that stockade *myself*."

"The arrows from our bows take long flights."

"Not so long as the bullets from our guns."

There was a pause for several seconds, during which the two measured each other, and wondered what would be said next. Yah-so-bee was the first to break the silence.

"Big Foot is very wise; he should sit in the council of his nation; but, he is not so young as he was. He ought to go to the great villages and live quietly."

"My arm is not withered yet." He stretched it out as he spoke, baring it to the elbow, so that the other could see the snaky folds of his powerful muscles, rising one above the other. "There is power in this arm yet, as many an Indian could attest, if he were alive to tell it. Bah; if I *could* brag, as you Indians do, I would tell you tales of Indian battles which you would find it hard to resist."

"Big Foot was upon the trail to-day."

"Ha!"

"The Crees are mad for his blood. Meng-we and Saugamee are chiefs in the tribe."

"Their blood be upon their own heads. I warned them to let me alone; they wouldn't do it. The result was, they both got pepper and salt."

"The Big Foot can not walk the woods in safety after this day."

"I hope you don't intend to scare me with *one* small tribe, Yah-so-bee. I don't care a snap for the Crees; let them come on, two at a time, and I will engage to whip them with my bare hands, if they'll bar throwing tomahawks. But we are wasting time; you want to go back to the tribe and I want my dinner. Tell Moneto that if he wants us, he must come and take us. That is all."

"You will not give up?"

"No; can't think of it."

"Let it be so." The Indian turned to go away, when the voice of the other recalled him.

"I wish to ask you a few questions."

"Let Big Foot speak."

"Is the Earth Chainer in your village yet?"

"He is."

"When will you judge him?"

"When we go back from the war-path."

"How soon will that be?"

"When we have taken this fort."

"You'll never do that little job, I give you fair warning. What will be Lawson's fate?"

"We will burn him with fire."

"Is there no hope?"

"Why should we be merciful to him? He cut the land into pieces. He shall die; let not Big Foot speak for him."

They shook hands and touched foreheads after the Indian fashion, and parted. The door was closed behind the figure of the guide, the rattling of bolts and rapid orders to the men followed his return, and yells from a thousand throats in the woods about them betokened that the siege had begun.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIEGE.

Two hundred and forty persons were crowded into the little stockade. Of these, nearly two hundred were helpless, women children, and old men. The work of logs stood so close to the river bank that an assault could not possibly come from that side. The stockade itself consisted of an upright wall of tree bodies, about ten feet high, with loopholes for musketry near the top. Within, two logs ran around the wall, upon which the firing party stepped when they discharged their weapons. The young men upon whom the defense devolved had been drilled by their commander, who gave them much sage advice, which they took in good part. With characteristic caution, he took care that there should be no lack of provisions. In addition to this, a corner of the enclosure had been so built that it actually *overlapped the river*, so that, as he sagely remarked, "until they could drink the Roanoke dry, they would be in no want of something to quinch their thirst."

In the interval of time after all was ready to meet the attack, and the assault itself, he improvised shelter for the women and children, against stray missiles, by covering a number of rough deer hides with tar, and then rolling them in the sand. These he formed into a sort of awning, occupying one side of the stockade. Having done his duty in this respect, he mounted to a post of observation and watched.

"Look sharp there," said he. "They are gathering in the edge of the woods. Lucky we thought to enlarge the clearing. They will have some trouble in getting through *that* abattis. Give me my musket, Conrad."

The person whom he addressed, a young German, sprung to give him the weapon.

"Thank you, my boy. I am going to open the ball myself. There is an Indian standing a little to the right of that

blasted pine, who has not a great while to live. He is holding up a string of scalps to the admiring gaze of a comrade. Now then!"

The musket exploded, and those who had leaped to the loopholes saw the Indian's heels fly into the air, as the bullet struck him.

"He's gone under. Every man to his post. Now lads, I don't give any orders, for I know it won't pay. All I can say is this, pop over every Indian you see, but don't throw away powder. That shot will bring them on us, I know."

Yell upon yell issued from the woods, as the cry ran from mouth to mouth, that one of their best men had been killed by a shot from the stockade. It incited the savages to do what they seldom will do, attack a post in the day time.

Darting from tree to tree, crawling like snakes along the hillocks, three hundred of the picked braves advanced to the attack. The defenders stood silent, as long as the trees allowed their foe shelter. But the moment the savages came out into the open space, a few of the best marksmen begun to fire. The effect of this fire at long range was to retard the advance of the enemy, who hesitated to expose much of their dingy bodies to the aim of men so skillful as the whites. Three bodies lay stark and dead upon the greensward, before they had advanced a hundred yards, twice as many were crawling to the rear, badly wounded, and several more had received flesh wounds which did not wholly incapacitate them from service.

The cool hardihood of their leader had a good effect upon the men in the work. As the Indians came nearer, he added more to the firing party; and, when they were within two hundred feet of the stockade, he allowed all to commence firing. His own piece spoke loudest and most frequently, and his cheerful voice was loud in encouragement to his men. They took their tone from him, and laughed at any good shot on the part of any of their party.

"Now comes the tug," said he, as he saw that the Indians were gathering for a final rush. "Pass the word there for the old men to come out and load. Every woman and child out of sight! Bring every spare gun in the stockade and have it loaded. Silence all."

Nothing was now heard within the fortress but the rattle of ramrods and the picking of flints. The old men loaded all the spare arms, and the leader silently divided his force into three firing parties, and placed them upon the sides. The Indians, partly shielded by a ridge which ran along about fifty yards from the stockade, begun a fire with bows which was annoying in the extreme. While this was being done, the greater portion gathered for their rush, uttered a yell all together, and charged.

The appalling sound of the war-cry penetrated the stockade, and struck terror to the hearts of the weak ones, cowering under their shelter of skins. They heard the arrows patter upon the roof lik rain drops, and fall harmless to the ground. Then came the clear voice of the guide, crying:

“Fire away!”

The rattle of musketry was now incessant. The Indians ran swiftly across the open ground, under a fierce volley from the settlers, and some even gained a lodgement under the walls. But many, and by far the greater portion, seeing that it was hopeless to advance, broke and fled for the woods, followed by the shots and shouts of the defenders.

“Ah, well done my lads,” cried the irrepressible guide. “They got salt to their gruel that time; pepper too, more hot than they like to take it. You will earn your suppers, if you keep on.”

The men answered with a shout, and Jared tried to look over the wall, in order to get a peep at the savages under the works. He was admonished of the danger of this attempt by the whizzing of an arrow, which cut a bloody furrow along one cheek and took off the flap of his ear. The guide drew back in a fearful passion, shouting some words not found in any manual on court etiquette then or now.

“What is the matter?” cried a friend.

“Matter? Matter enough, I should say. That rascal has been injudicious enough to cut off my right ear with an arrow. I will have his blood, curse him.”

“Pshaw,” laughed the other. “Your ear is all right, only a very small portion gone. No one would notice it. It is an honorable mark.”

“Hark ye, my friend” said Jared, “a joke is a joke. But

if you say that the brand of a crop-eared Puritan is an honorable mark for an English gentleman, you are out of place here. The fellow who marked me will never get out from under that wall alive, unless he consents to have his right ear cropped off close to his head."

"What is that for?"

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, an ear for an ear. That is *my* motto, and I defy any one to find a better. This scoundrel has cut off my right ear. His right ear must fall to the earth like untimely fruit. I am not vindictive; I love my fellow man. But, when one of them so far forgets his dignity as to make me a crop-ear, I shall light upon him with all my force. If he had sent the arrow through my heart, in all probability I should have made no objections."

"Very likely," said one of his auditors.

"Ah, don't interrupt, don't. No, I should have made no objections whatever. I should not have spoken a word. What noise is that?"

"The Indians under the wall."

"Can you make out how many they muster?"

"About a dozen, I should say," replied the young planter, whom he had chosen as lieutenant. "Shall we muster a company and drive them away?"

"No, let them stay. What hurt can they do there. Keep a watch upon them, and when you see a head, crack away at it. But be sure of your aim. Don't throw away ammunition, as I said before. Ha! that noise is from the river."

Forgetting his wound, the blood from which was trickling down his face, he sprung to the river side, and peeping through one of the loops, he caught sight of a man, half buried in the water, who was making signals with his hand. Thrusting his musket through the loop, he brought the double sights to bear upon the doomed man. As his eye ranged down the barrel of the piece, a sudden cry burst from his lips, and the gun was lowered quickly.

"Why don't you fire?" said the man who stood by his side at the loop.

"I was very near it," he said, turning pale. "I don't know what stayed my finger on the trigger. If I had fired—my God, if I had fired!"

"Why," said the other. "It's no harm to kill the Indians who are raging for our blood."

"It isn't an Indian. It's Seth."

"Seth Matthews!"

"What is he doing?"

"He is making signals. He wants to get in. I must tell him to keep quiet."

He bent his head and whispered: "Seth."

"Yes," was the smothered response, coming up from below, so low that only he could hear it.

"Keep out of sight and wait." No answer was returned, and the body of Seth disappeared entirely. Only his head was out of the water, and this was covered by a thick fern pendant from the bank. Jared stepped down, and ran into a small hut which had been built in one corner of the stockade. He emerged in a moment, carrying upon his shoulder a coil of rope. One end of this he fastened firmly within the stockade, and then tossed the other over the wall.

"Up you come," he whispered.

Seth rose from the water, grasped the rope with both hands, and ran up like a sailor, hand over hand. The Indians caught sight of him as he sprung over the parapet, and half a dozen ineffectual shafts were aimed at him.

"Are you hurt, old lad?" asked the guide.

"No—no, Jared. All right."

"Where is your horse?"

"I couldn't bring him in, and so I turned him loose in the woods. I hope the red villains won't get their hands upon him."

"No fear. I know the horse, and there is nothing short of a barbed arrow which will catch him. He will come in some day. How have you been?"

"Well—quite well. Here comes Archdale."

"Thou art returned, friend Seth. Hast thou seen the young man of war, Charles Craven?"

"I have not, friend William; but, I have done as well. Two hundred soldiers are on the march to your relief, under Barnwell, you must have heard of him. With him march seven hundred warriors of the Southern tribes, Yemmassee, Catawbias, and Creeks."

"How did you know this?"

"I sent my message by ship to Charleston. On my way back, I heard from a friendly Indian that Barnwell was in the upper Catawba country with some men. I made my way to him at once. I found him ready. Rumors of an approaching war with the Tuscororas had reached his ears, and Barnwell had received instructions to march at any time, when requested to do so by the governor or deputy of the northern province."

"Where didst thou leave him?"

"A day's march hence, we parted company. He can not be many miles away."

"You have done well, friend Seth. I thank thee in the name of the helpless ones who will have cause to bless thy name. Go into the cabin yonder, and thou shalt have food."

"All I require now are arms, for mine are in the river. I am not at all hungry. You have just repulsed an attack."

"Yes; and let me say, in this connection, that under the wall of the stockade lurks a copper-colored rascal who shall certainly feel the weight of my hands. He has disgraced me, cropped my ear, and his own must pay the forfeit. I would not be cruel, but I must be just."

"What do you mean?"

"Look at that, and then ask the question if you can," he replied, bending his head so that the other could see the track of the arrow along his cheek.

"A bad scratch," said Seth. "It will leave a scar."

"Do you think I care for the mark upon the face. Look at my ear, you rascal, look at my *ear*."

"Yes, I see. He has subtracted about one sixteenth of an inch from that. But, that is the least of the affair. The cut upon your face is much worse."

"All you know about it. I wouldn't have had it done for a hundred pounds. I have marked that Indian, and I will have his ear."

"All right; when do you expect another attack?"

"At night. They have had enough of day-fighting. It isn't an Indians nature to fight by daylight. They attacked us, and if you will take the trouble to look out toward the woods from yonder loop, you may see the result. I am the

only man in the garrison who was wounded, but that was done in a way to make me feel like exterminating the united Tuscarora and Cree nations, blast their pictures! Where do you think Barnwell is now?"

"I couldn't say. We had no idea you would be attacked so soon, and, though his march is hurried, it might be more so. Have you seen Kate?"

"She is here and safe."

"I didn't know if you had talked to her about her father. Perhaps he is dead."

"No, he is safe. I saw Yah-so-bee before the attack, and he said the sacrifice was not to be made before they return from the war-path. But it is certain, nothing can save him, unless we can set him free."

"I fear that it can not be done."

"It can at least be tried. Come with me, and I will see you armed. We have half a dozen or more fellows under the wall, who can neither advance nor fly. I don't like to leave them until after dark. They could make us trouble *there*."

"Try hot water on them."

"That might be done. Let's go into the cook's cabin and see. If she happens to have a copper of hot water on, we will try them."

They went into the cabin before mentioned, and found that she had indeed a large copper full of water, scalding hot. A number of gourds, at that time much used for drinking purposes, were hung against the wall. Calling in half a dozen men whom he could trust, Jared explained to them his object. They entered into the spirit of the thing, and each one seized a huge gourd, filled it with water from the copper, and returned to the wall. The poor savages who had effected a lodgment, lying in fancied security under the logs, were astonished to find a shower of hot water rattling down about their ears. Their startled yells, as some exposed part of their persons received a charge, caused a laugh in the stockade.

"Pour away," cried the guide, executing a fantastic dance, as the cries of the Indians begun to multiply. "Oh, you darlings. You are getting it now, to be sure. What would you give to get out? How about that ear?"

The fellows under the wall had gained their position

through fear and trembling, and disliked giving it up very much, and maintained their position during the torture with a philosophy well worthy of a better cause.

"Bring out that copper," cried Jared. "They want it all."

Two of the men rushed into the cabin and brought out the copper. The stream of hot water became incessant. The southern face of the stockade, like a volcanic crater, vomited the scalding fluid. Blistered, howling with pain, the savages ran round the stockade, and plunged one after another into the river. Many shots followed them in their flight.

"Good-by," shouted Jared. "They have enough of that. If I may be allowed to express an opinion, I may say that this party will never be so forward in an attack as long as they live. We got them out of the way just in time. It is getting dark. Where is that pitch-pine?"

Some of the men brought forward a pile of heavy, damp-looking wood, which did not seem at all likely to burn. Yet it was the species of pine known as "fat," or pitch-pine, and gave a brilliant light. Three tall tripods had been built of green swamp-cypress, which would not burn, and upon the tops were placed iron baskets, filled with pine, which, being lighted, burst at once into a brilliant flame, that lit up the space about the stockade for more than a hundred feet.

"That's it," said Jared. "The knaves didn't look for warm water, and we gave them that. They did not look for a rival to the scene, and there we have it. Every man to his post. In an hour the red fiends will be howling about the stockade. Those of the second and third firing-party lie down with their arms beside them and get a little rest. The others keep watch. You, Seth, shall be my aide. Attend to the men. Keep them to their duty."

"I am at your command, Jared, after a few moments. I see Kate, God bless her, and I want to speak with her."

"Go, then. Get done as soon as you can, and come to me. It won't be an hour, I tell you, before the fighting begins."

Kate stood at the doorway of the awning which Jared had built, looking out at the three blazing fires, sending up their lurid flames toward the zenith. She had not been made acquainted with the return of her lover, as she was busy at the

time, quieting a child which had been frightened by the howls of the scalded savages. She had borne up bravely throughout the day, setting an example to those who were older. She did not see Seth until he was close to her. Her cry of surprise and pleasure was involuntary.

"Oh, Seth, you have returned. You are safe!"

They stood, with clasped hands, under the flaring lights, looking into each other's faces, unmindful of the many curious eyes upon them. That made no difference, though. All the settlement knew that they were betrothed, and, after a single glance, the lookers-on turned discreetly another way.

"You are very pale, my darling," said Seth. "Do not distress yourself too much over a dispensation of that providence in which we all believe. Try to think that he will escape."

"I do try," she replied. "But the effort is vain. I have looked for the last time upon the face of my dear father. I shall not see him on this side of the grave."

"You are wrong to indulge such thoughts. True, you should learn to think that he *may* die, but not that he *must*. I have sworn, and shaken hands with Jared Tomlinson upon it, that I will not turn back from the pursuit until I know that Henry Lawson is dead. We shall make our way into the Tuscarora village. We know that he is safe as yet, for Yah-so-bee told Jared this when they met to-day. We may save him yet."

"Jared is very brave," said Kate. "Who would think that a man so whimsical in his ways should be so brave in battle?"

"That whimsical manner is a mask which he uses to cover his good deeds. Let him do ever so brave an act, and he will not give the right reason for doing it. He saved my life one day, when I was bathing near the place where he was fishing; and after he had taken me out, half dead, and I would have thanked him, he said he was entirely selfish in the act. He pulled me out of the river *because I was scaring away his fish*. What do you think of that?"

"Father has told me about Jared. He was a follower of my grandfather, Sir Walter, in all his expeditions, and was with him when he was killed in Virginia. That set him wandering, and he has traveled up and down the Indian country

more than any man in the Colonies. I am glad he has promised to help my father."

"He says, too, that he will help the Baron De Graffenried out of his fix, in order that he may thrash him. That is another of his whimsical ideas."

"He don't like the baron."

"No, he says that he should have had no quarrel with your father for any length of time, if it had not been for him. Your father tried to detain the Indian Yah-so-bee. He had come into camp under the safeguard of Jared's honor, and he even drew his weapons in his defense."

"Against my father?"

"Against both. But his anger was chiefly aroused against De Graffenried, whom he came very near killing upon the spot. Your father sent him away."

"Were you in danger on the way?"

"Not very great. I kept out of the Cree country, and the Catawbas are friendly. I have brought aid. If we can hold out for a few hours, Barnwell will be upon these rascals with nine hundred men. The Tuscaroras had better go back to their villages."

"When they go back, you remember, that my father—my poor father—"

She paused, utterly unable to proceed. He bent over her, soothing her agitation, when the guns of the sentries begun to crack, and the demoniac cries of the savages sounded through the woods. The attack had begun.

"Go in, my darling," said Seth, kissing her hastily. "You are in danger here."

"And you, Seth?"

"Never mind me. Go under the awning. I have my duty to perform."

"But you will be careful?"

"Of course. Go in, and God bless you."

CHAPTER IX.

UP THE RIVER.

THE yells of the savages had aroused the defenders, and they sprung to their arms with alacrity. The Indians, fighting in the night, were in their proper element, and fought with the tenacity of demons. The well-known valor of the Iroquois nation was not wanting in the Tuscaroras, and the archers were advanced to the cover of some ruined cabins, close to the stockade, from which they galled the defenders severely. Several had received arrow-wounds which troubled them much, and one poor fellow had received a shaft in the eye, piercing his brain. It was the first loss the settlers had sustained, and they felt it keenly. The dead man was carried away by two of his comrades, and laid down under the shelter of the wall, wrapped in a blanket. Under cover of the fire of these bowmen, a strong party advanced with axes, which they had obtained from the settlements already laid waste, and tried to batter down the gate. But it was strong, and resisted their utmost efforts. Many of their men fell before the gate under the fire of the defenders, and the party finally retreated, sullenly enough, but only to rally for a fresh attack.

The sound of axes were heard in the woods, and small trees were seen to fall. In a short time a party emerged from the woods, bearing a number of rude ladders. It does not take long to make one in the woods. Cut down a small tree with many branches; cut the latter off on either side so as to leave the knots long enough to receive the feet, and it is done.

Now followed a furious battle. The ladders were planted along the walls, and the Indians begun to mount. The attention of the defenders was called to all points at once. Ladders were hurled to the ground, covered with a groaning load. But the daring man who cast it down knew that a hundred arrows might be pointed at his life. A dozen men lay badly wounded within the stockade, and warriors begun to drop in

from all sides. All these, at first, paid the penalty of their temerity.

Seth looked despairingly around him. Then, gathering his men afresh, he once more hurled the ladders to the ground. Just then the gate, at which a party had been prying unobserved, burst from its hinges, and fell inward with a crash. The Indians at once quitted the wall, and rushed to the main gate. Every man leaped to its defense. Moneto and Yah-so-bee, bending forward in the van, were about to give the signal for assault upon the desperate little band, when forest and river echoed to a war-cry which had not been heard there for many a long year.

"Ah, ha! Yemmassee!"

Barnwell was at hand. A cry of heartfelt joy burst from every lip within the defenses, while a hoarse cry from the South Carolina men and their savage allies was given back in return.

Moneto saw his peril, and thundered out an order to his men, which passed from mouth to mouth. "Every man for himself," in our vocabulary, would have been the interpretation of the cry. They broke and fled, taking a course past the stockade, and opposite to that from which the new-comers were heard. The Tuscaroras had heard the war-cry of their ancient enemies, the Yemmassee; and they knew that the latter would never dare to put foot upon their ground without a strong force.

It was not a part of the design of Moneto to meet a force equal to his own, and he knew by the sound that came to his ears that their strength was fully equal to his own. The flight of his men was so sudden that nothing could be done to stop them. Hundreds of dark forms, however, bounded by the gate in close pursuit. These were the Indian allies of Barnwell. But the night was dark, and the chiefs, who knew that a dozen ambushes would be laid in twenty minutes, recalled their scattered men. Barnwell encamped his men just outside the stockade, and went in with two of his officers. Seth and Jared, bloody and begrimed with powder, panting from the late struggle, met him near the broken gate.

"Just in time," said Barnwell, grasping the hand of Jared. "How do you fare, old friend? Ah, Seth, you got in safe. I

had my doubts about it myself. Friend William, are you there? Give you good-night."

"Thou art welcome right heartily, friend Barnwell," replied the old man. "There are some tender ones here who are glad of thy coming."

"The knaves held you a sharp battle, by my soul. Your gate was just down as I came up."

"We had no hope," said Jared, dropping his whimsical manner in his gladness, "but to die like men for our women and children. I thank God you are here. Seth!"

"Yes."

"Speak to the girl and let us begone. We have a duty to perform."

The young man hastened away.

"What do you mean," said Barnwell, quickly. "You will not leave the stockade to-night?"

"I must. I have sworn to save Henry Lawson, if I can."

"But, old friend, the woods are full of Indians. You will surely take some men."

"Not a man, except Seth. More would only be in the way. The course we shall take must be circumspect. No mere force of numbers can do us good."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I can not tell. My course is not fully marked out as yet. Ah, Seth, you are quick."

"It is her work. The girl has no faith in our power to aid her father, but she says she will not detain us by long partings. Come."

Barnwell saw that it was useless to attempt to detain them, and had faith in their woodcraft. The two passed out of the fort together, and taking hands, struck out through forest paths known so well to them. The Tuscaroras having gone in the opposite direction, must make a circuit before they could strike the trail to their village. Taking the river for their guide, the two men pressed on with unabated speed until morning. Here they paused, and Jared shot a turkey with one of his pistols, for no enterprise was so important in his eyes as to require the sacrifice of his usual meals. He seemed to enjoy this meal with particular relish, and talked sagely with his young

companion while masticating his food. He presented an odd appearance, with the mark of the arrow upon his face, giving a one-sided aspect to it.

"The Dutchman won't be hurt," he said, continuing a conversation which had been broken in upon by the demands of appetite. "The Dutchman will get off safe, and I will tell you why: He is of a different nation from Lawson, and it is against the English they are chiefly aroused. They will set him at liberty and burn Lawson, if we don't help him."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I can't say. Before this unlucky fight I had considerable influence with the savages. But now, I have killed their men, and I fear they will not listen to me. Before the fight I would have walked into their village as calmly as into your cabin. Now I am afraid I should share the fate of poor Lawson."

"We must push on, and get to the village before the return of the Indians."

"Yes, that we must do. If I could get him clear and in the hills, all the savages in the world couldn't catch us. But they will watch him close enough, I tell you."

"Where did you intend to meet Estote?"

"At the big bend. I suppose he is there now, waiting for our coming."

"Let us go."

The two men continued their march up the river. It was late in the afternoon when they reached the big bend. A pre-concerted signal brought Estote out of his concealment. The brow of the chief was gloomy. He had heard of the ravages committed upon the trail, and had not been able to get aid.

"Why is Estote sad?" asked Jared.

"Estote is always sad, when he sees the blood of women and children, and can do nothing to avenge it."

"Then the chief knows that Moneto and Yah-so-bee have been upon the war-path. Has he brought help from Sportswood?"

"The great war chief at Jamestown has enough to do to govern his own people. He will not send help to us."

"We shall not need it. We have help from below. The Catawbas, the Yemmassee and the whites have driven the Tuscaroras into the bushes."

The countenance of the chief brightened.

"The Catawbias are men when the Tuscaroras are children. Is the war ended, before Estote has taken a single scalp?"

"No; there are many scalps to be taken yet. We will go to the Tuscarora village. Their men are away on the war-trail. We will take away the prisoner from their hands, the Earth Chainer, and laugh at Yah-so-bee and Moneto."

"It is well," replied the chief. "I will follow my white brother to the village. Yah-so-bee is my enemy. We will fight some day with sharpened tomahawks, to try which of us is the better man."

"When such chiefs meet, the battle must be a good one. Let us sit down and eat. It is not good to go into danger hungry."

"When would Big Foot go hungry? Can fight better when he has eaten. Estote knew this, and he has killed a deer with his arrows. Was it not well?"

"The chief is wise. He knows how to please his friend best. You see, Seth, how provident an Indian is. That fellow knew that I loved to eat, and he killed that deer on purpose. We will try it at once. I shall not go into the Tuscarora village on an empty stomach. Of all the ills which flesh is heir to, that is the worst. Try this *aqua vitæ*. You never saw any thing like it. I'd offer some to Estote, but I know he would dash it out of my hand, and waste good liquor. Estote, where is that deer you are talking of?"

While the Indian brought the meat, the guide built a fire of dry wood, which blazed freely without smoke. He then arranged matters for supper. After this a vote was taken, and it was decided to travel all night, reaching the Tuscarora village about two in the morning. All knew that unless they could set the prisoner free before the return of the subtle chief, Moneto, it was vain to hope for his release at all.

They trod on in silence, hearing the cries of the night-birds upon the river, the plunge of fish and the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops. On—on—under the silent moon, by the beautiful river, went the three adventurers. An hour before they expected it, they climbed a lofty hill and looked down upon the slumbering village. There it lay, in the clear, pale moonlight, silent as the grave. The three stood

looking at it for some time without a word. At last the guide spoke :

"Yonder it lies. I wonder where he is confined?"

"That we must find out. I will go into the village."

"Me!" cried Estote.

"Neither. I will go myself. I know the village."

CHAPTER X.

THE DISCOVERY.

A CONTROVERSY arose which was only quieted by the casting of lots, and the task fell upon the guide. He left his arms with the others, telling them where to stay, and what to do in case of alarm, and boldly entered the village. It was that hour in the night when sleep seems to be heavy upon the eyelids of men, and there were few wakeful in the village. He paused under the shelter of a lodge, and listened. Very soon he heard a measured, active tread, as of some one pacing to and fro. Stealing cautiously round his hiding-place, he caught sight of a warrior, walking up and down before the door of a lodge near the council-ground. He at once came to the conclusion that the surveyor was here. That settled, he went back, and took a survey of the other side of the lodge. There was a guard here, too, but not so good a one as the man in front, for he had lain down with his back against the lodge, and was fast asleep. His snoring was plainly audible to the listener. His mind was made up—to steal upon this man, stun him, gag him, and take him so far from the village that he would not be found by any straggler. Creeping stealthily up to him, he was about to strike with the pistol-butt, when he saw that his mouth was wide open, a sad thing for that Indian. In an instant the butt of the pistol was in his mouth, and the guard woke to consciousness to find himself thoroughly incapacitated from uttering a sound. This accomplished, the guide lifted him in his arms and carried him out of the village, where he laid him down and proceeded

to bind him hand and foot. Feeling the need of his pistol, he now removed the gag, and attempted to substitute a stick, picked up from the ground. The Indian had a surfeit of that kind of enjoyment, and utterly refused to open his mouth. Nothing remained for the worthy guide but to choke him into submission. It is a well known fact in physiology, that by the pressure of the fingers and thumb upon the windpipe, the mouth of the animal upon whom the experiment is tried will open, the time occupied in producing that effect depending entirely upon the obstinacy of the animal in question. Jared, bestriding the body of his fallen foe, tried the experiment upon him. The animal proved to be a *very* obstinate one, and it was some time before he could be prevailed upon to respond to the invitation to open his jaws. The love of life, or rather, the desire for breath, prevailed at length, and the iron jaws slowly and reluctantly opened. The stick was introduced, the thong tied behind his ears, and the victory was complete. Still sitting upon his enemy, Jared indulged in a little moral lecture upon the fruits of obstinacy, by which the Indian was doubtless highly edified, as he did not understand a word of English. This fact seemed to strike the guide at last, for he rose from the body and returned to the village, taking the place of the sentinel. He could hear the sound of voices within the lodge, and kneeling down, he cut a hole in the bark just large enough for a peep-hole and looked through.

It was the prison-hut. The two men had been allowed to share each other's imprisonment, when left by the chiefs. De Graffenried sat upon some skins in one corner, with his head bent down upon his knees. Lawson half reclined upon some blankets upon the other side, supporting his head upon his hand. He was speaking in a low tone to the other, who only answered in a broken voice. The fortitude of the German had quite given way, and he only waited for death. Lawson had no more hope than he, but his look was lofty and bold, and he appeared ready to meet any fate which might be awarded him.

"Cheer up, man," Jared heard him say, as he looked in. "Why, we have only one death to die, and let us not shame our manhood by breaking down now."

"I can't meet it calmly," said De Graffenried. "I can't—I can't. Why did we leave the Palatinate? Our persecutors were not so bad as these."

"Keep up a good heart. We may escape. We have only our own folly to blame that we are here at all. Mine, chiefly."

"Yes, it was you. The guide was right."

"I said so. I was much to blame. I don't think I should have sent him away if you had not insisted upon it; but it doesn't matter now. I wonder if he will attempt to aid us. He is a daring fellow."

"No he won't. He'll get back to the settlement and leave us to our fate."

"Perhaps he saw us taken."

"No doubt; he brought the Indians down upon us."

"You are wrong, De Graffenried. You are wrong. It is not the nature of a man like that to be treacherous."

"Any man would be treacherous to save his life."

"Any *Dutchman* might," muttered the guide. "Oh, you beauty. Don't it feel nice to help you; oh, no."

"That sentiment is dishonorable—unworthy of your noble blood, baron. Ha! What's that?"

"What is it?"

"Something pricked me—like the point of a knife."

"Silence! for your lives," whispered Jared.

They caught sight of his face now, for he had worked a larger opening in the lodge, and was looking through. The sight of that honest face gave them an indescribable thrill. The guide stood up, and cut two parallel slits in the bark high enough to admit him, and a cross-cut below. Raising this impromptu curtain, he passed in. Lawson seized him eagerly by the hand.

"Give me your hand, old Honesty. Let me beg your pardon. You have come to aid me. I fear we can not escape. But you may. My limbs are so cramped by bonds that I can hardly walk. Have you seen Kate?"

"Yes."

"Is she well?"

"Well in body, but distressed in mind. She is sad on your account."

"God bless her. Now listen. If you get back to her, tell her—"

He was interrupted by a cry from without, and the patter of feet approaching the lodge. Jared understood it at once. His prisoner had slipped his bonds in some way, and was now giving the alarm. His mistaken mercy had ruined their plans.

"Fly, for God's sake! Fly, Jared! You may escape. Go quickly."

"Not without you."

"Go, then; I will follow."

But Jared caught him about the waist, dragged him through the opening, and hurried him away. But they were too late. The alarm had called up the sleeping guard, and escape in the bright moonlight was quite impossible, at least for the surveyor.

"Leave me," he said. "You can give me more aid as a free man."

Jared saw the justice of this, and darted away suddenly. A grove of low bushes ran down the slope a few yards away. He bounded forward and buried himself in the cover, uttering, as he fled, the signal of failure agreed upon between them before they parted. The Indians did not pursue him far, satisfied with regaining their prisoners so easily. The guide ran on, and in a few moments was joined by his two friends, who heard with sorrow the failure of the attempt.

"It is all over, lads," he said, seating himself upon a boulder and looking sadly down upon the lights now flashing through the disturbed village. "I did my best. All we can do by force is nothing. They are on the guard. All I can say is, they shan't torture him. Promise me, Estote—I taught you how to shoot—promise that, when they light the fagots, you will shoot him. I shall be near him, and when you see me raise my hand, fire. You must get as near the village as you can, and be sure you do not miss. I couldn't do it. I would die first."

"Estote is ready to do good to a friend. They shall not burn the Earth Chainer with fire."

"Perhaps he will not be condemned," said Seth.

"There is no hope. To-day the chiefs will come back and sacrifice him before they go out again upon the war-trail."

“How do you know they will come back?”

“They are not ready to meet any well-appointed force of our people. Besides, yonder is their fort. They must make a stand here against Barnwell.”

“Can we not do something?”

“No. The guard is stronger here than I thought. We will wait here until we see the warriors come home. Then I will go down.”

“What can you do?”

“I can at least die. But I do not think they will kill me. I have been kind to the Tuscaroras, and I have something which the meaner men of the village do not dream of. Let us find a hiding-place and sleep.”

Next day, the Tuscaroras begun to return to the village in scattered bands. Toward the middle of the day Moneto and his son came in at the head of the main body of braves. They looked weary and dirty. Their inveterate enemies had pursued them closely through the woods, and many had fallen by the way. The three friends, from their hiding-place, caught sight of the faces of the chief and his son. They were dark and gloomy. There was no mercy for the prisoner in their eyes. They would be loud for the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNCIL—THE VERDICT—CONCLUSION.

THE long night passed slowly with poor Lawson, after he was brought back bound from his attempt at escape. The morning brought nothing new. But about the meridian, the sound of barbarous instruments called the tribe together. Not only the inhabitants of the village, but many from other villages, who had joined the band in their retreat, and come to the village, learning of the trial and the sacrifice. Great preparations begun to be made the moment Moneto entered the village. All that was vindictive in his nature was aroused by the repulse at the settlement. In the moment of success,

when his men had gathered about the shattered gate, the inopportune succor came.

The tribe demanded a victim, and what could be better than this surveyor—a man who had been the instrument for cutting the lands of the tribe into farms? He should die.

The council gathered. Old men with gray hairs, who had sat for years at the fires of the nation; fiery young chiefs and middle-aged men.

The two prisoners were brought out, and bound to stakes facing the council. The younger man had not lost the bold bearing which had distinguished him in any trying moment. His companion, on the contrary, was cowed by the imposing show, and the angry looks which were cast upon them from every side. The Indians, who had before this formed a good estimate of his character, now looked upon him with the contempt due to such a man.

“Look upon the Dark Hair,” said Yah-so-bee. “We thought him very brave. But he is a coward. He dares not look us in the face. We thought that the Earth Chainer was not very brave; but he is. We were wrong. Why does not my father come to the council?”

The fire had been lighted, and the grave council was ready. Moneto took his seat as head chief of the tribe, and Yah-so-bee, as the bravest warrior, sat upon his right hand. A hush fell upon the council, and many eyes fell upon the bound prisoners. There is, in the councils of the savages, a decorum, a gravity, which rivals that of the Roman Senate in its prime. The captives were placed in the center. About them, in two rows, sat the council. Hundreds of people danced upon the green on the outside, and laughed over the coming torture. The Indian drum commanded silence, and Moneto arose to speak:

“MY BROTHERS: We have come back from a great battle. There are not many of us who have not seen the color of the enemy's blood. We are glad it is so. The Yengees are our enemies. They are our enemies by right. We hate them with a good cause. I look about me, and I see many faces I have known all my life; but there are some I can not see. Where is Oc-co-ne-to, the friend of the widow. He is gone. He trod too hard upon the heels of a Yengee hunter, and he

shot him dead with his long gun. Ask the Crees what has become of Saugamee. They will tell you he fell in the deep forest, in the hug of Big Foot. I do not speak against Big Foot. He was right to fight for his people, and he was always kind to the Indian. Why do we hate the Yengees? I will tell you: They cut down the trees, and let in the sunlight upon the earth. This is bad. The earth is so parched that the grass will not grow. They give fire-water to the people of a great nation, and they die by hundreds. Where are the Hatteras? I call, and the woods give back a hollow answer. They are gone. Where are the Pamlicos, who were thick as the leaves in the forest? They, too, are in the happy hunting-grounds of our people. Why is this so? Because they met the accursed race, and were destroyed.

"I am a Tuscarora. The blood in my veins is *all* Indian. There is not a drop of white blood in my veins. I do not drink the poison of the Yengees. I have a son, and he does not taste it. This is well. A very great nation like the Tuscaroras should not take poison from the hand of the enemy. Perhaps it is good that we should have men for head chiefs who think thus.

"The land is all our own between the two rivers. We came from our brothers of the lakes because we were too much crowded, and we did not like to have too little room for our elbows. That time we came to dwell here. It is a good country. It is ours by right, for we drove away the Catawbias from the soil and took it.

"These men from the other side of the great salt water came. They asked for a little place, and we gave it. We were kind to them, because we did not know that they were the serpents that they are. I have told you what they have done to others. They have been bad to us.

"We should not have been afraid to give them a little land. We gave it to them. But they wanted more when they grew strong. They did not ask us to give it to them, but they put forth the strong hand and took it. We should not have cared so much for this, if they had left the land as the Manitou made it. But they did not do it. I will tell you what they did do."

Here the speaker paused, and stretched out his long arm

toward the youngest prisoner, who met his gaze unflinchingly. Every eye in the council turned upon him.

"They sent out this man, whom we call the Earth Chainer, and he drove stakes in the bosom of our mother. We hate him for it. But we would not have harmed him if he had taken good counsel and gone away. But he would not, for the Earth Chainer is stout of heart. He is so great a brave that he is fit to endure the trial by fire. Let it be so.

"I will not speak of the Dark Hair. He is a coward, but he is of another tribe from the Yengees. We will not harm him. My voice says, let him go free."

De Graffenried looked up quickly at the last words. The charge of cowardice had not moved him, but the joy which beamed in his eyes was wonderful. He did not think of the fate which had been decreed to his companion. But Lawson, in his utter unselfishness, spoke to him:

"I thank God, De Graffenried, that you are likely to escape. Speak well for my memory when you return."

Moneto sat down, and Yah-so-bee rose slowly. The face of the young chief was overcast, and he spoke in a low tone at first. The noble bearing of Lawson, in spite of his conduct to him, had wrought a change in his mind in favor of the captive. He knew that it would be impossible to save him from death, but he hoped to free him from the torture. He pointed out the fact that the young man was only an instrument in the hands of others.

"My father has spoken well for the Dark Hair. I do not care for him. He has said the Dark Hair is a coward; it is so. But he is as much to blame as the Earth Chainer. He it was who brought the Earth Chainer here. His tribe lives upon the Tuscarora land, not the Earth Chainer's. Why should one go free and the other perish by fire. It is fit that one should die. But it is not the manner of their race to die at the stake. Let us send for two warriors who draw a strong bow, and let them send their shafts to the hearts of the warriors. We will sacrifice their bodies to the corn-spirit."

The young chief sat down amid thunders of applause, and another rose. In the midst of their deliberations a new figure appeared upon the scene. Forcing his way through the dancers, who gave back in wonder at the sight, came the

brave guide, Jared Tomlinson. A yell arose from those who recognized his face and figure. A Cree chief, who sat in the circle, rose up, brandishing his hatchet. But Yah-so-bee stepped quickly out of the circle, threw an arm protectingly over the shoulders of the new-comer, and motioned to the Cree to stand back.

"Listen, chiefs of the nation. I need not tell you who stands by my side. There are few of you who have not known and loved him. He is a brave man. If he has killed men in battle, it was when they tried to kill him."

"He killed Saugamee!" shouted the Cree, again advancing.

"Saugamee had his weapons in his hands, and he died as a great brave should. Stand back."

"He has entered our village without a safeguard," said an old chief. "He must be judged by our law."

"Not a bit of it," replied Jared. "Moneto, look upon this pledge. You gave it to me upon the banks of the great river, and said that, if I were at the stake, no Tuscarora would lay a finger on me. I need not ask a great chief if he will keep his word."

"It is true," said the chief, rising. "Tuscaroras, look upon the pledge upon the arm of Big Foot. Do you not respect it? Is he not welcome to our village?"

"He is welcome," replied the chiefs, with one voice.

"Shall he have a seat in our council?"

"He shall!"

Jared was accommodated with a seat in the front rank, and the council went on. It was some time before Jared rose to speak, but when he did, he entered into an eloquent appeal for the life of his friend. The Indians listened to him with great interest, and applauded when he sat down, very much after the manner of men in the case of a political opponent, whose power they acknowledge.

There was a show of hands in the circle, and the fate of the surveyor was decided—thirty to ten in favor of the torture by fire. The council broke up, after sending the reprieved German back to his prison-lodge. A half-hour was given to the prisoner to speak with his friend.

"I can't shake hands with you, old lad," said he, as the

guide approached, all the anguish of his heart written on his face. "I wish I could. In the brief time we have, I want to speak with you of something near my heart. You did not come out here alone."

"No. Seth and Estote are in the hills."

"I knew Seth would come. Give my best love to him. Tell him I leave a treasure to his care, my darling daughter. He is a good man, Jared. He will be kind to her, I know; but he may die. Promise me one thing. While you live, you will give her aid when she needs it. Will you promise me this?"

"God helping, I promise."

"Another thing. You won't tell her how I die. I am strong to bear it, when it comes."

"Listen to me. I don't like to speak of it, but it must be done. The torture is dreadful. You can not bear it. Surely it is better to die by the shot of a friend than the fire of an enemy."

"What do you mean?" asked Lawson in a whisper, startled in its tone.

"Bend your head," said the guide. "Let me whisper."

Lawson started, and looked out among the lodges toward a group of bushes, not fifty yards away.

"There?" he said, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes."

"And will Estote do it?"

"He has sworn."

"That is well. I thank you, Jared. You have proved a kind friend, indeed. Why, I could hope for nothing better. A soldier's death! Can he escape?"

"Yes. The confusion will be great, and he will run to the hills."

"Is he sure of his aim?"

"I taught him," replied Jared, with a pardonable pride.

"We won't prolong this, old friend. I have only a few moments left. I want to make my peace with God. Tell my darling Kate that I die blessing her, and praying for her happiness. Leave me."

They kissed each other like women, and parted, the guide going away with tears in his eyes. A troupe of Indian girls

now came forward with flowers, with which they adorned the victim for the sacrifice. He watched their motions with a smile, while his lips moved as if in prayer. He *was* praying. Praying for his daughter, that she might be happy in her future life. Rash and heedless as he had been, there was much that was noble in Henry Lawson. The savages felt it, and the old chief who was master of ceremonies admitted it as he addressed the captive at the stake.

"The time has come when we must light the fagots. If our brother had not been so great a brave, we should have placed him where the boys might shoot arrows into his flesh. But he will not care for such child's play as that."

"Give over this mummary, savage. Do that which is appointed you, in God's name."

The savage advanced with a lighted torch. He touched it to the bottom of the pile. A little flame rose slowly from the dry brush.

"Henry," said Jared, as he advanced into the open space, "are you ready?"

"Ay. Give the signal before the smoke rises. Good-by, and God bless you. May the Lord have mercy on my sinful soul."

Covering his eyes with one hand, Jared raised his other high above his head. As he did so, the smoke and flame of a musket broke out from the bushes before mentioned. A single cry, not of fear, but of thanksgiving, burst from the lips of Lawson, and his head fell forward on his breast. The old chief ran up to him, and lifted his head.

"Your prey has escaped you. He hears the judgment of the King of Kings," cried Jared.

The confusion was terrible, and in the midst of babel, the chiefs tried to make themselves heard. The endeavor was fruitless for some moments, and no one thought of pursuing the murderer of the captive. Behind the bushes rose the dark passes to the hills, and when quiet was at last restored, the man who fired the shot was safe for the present.

Yah-so-bee came to the guide.

"Who fired the shot?" he said.

"Why should I lie to you? Estote, the chief of the Catawbas."

"Is it so? Will the Big Foot lead me to him? We have promised to meet."

"When I left Estote, I said that if Yah-so-bee asked for him, I would show him the way. Shall we go now? If you will promise that the body of my friend shall be respected, I will lead you."

"Moneto shall bury it. I will speak with him."

He went away for a moment and then returned. He had a hatchet and knife in his belt.

"We will go," he said.

They turned their backs upon the village. No one tried to stop them. Moneto knew that his son was going out to fight with Estote, but the old Indian's honor would not allow him to take advantage of it.

They reached the High Hills, as they were called, in a few moments. A signal called Seth and the Catawba from their places of concealment.

"It is over," said the guide, with a sigh. "Estote, your shot was well aimed. I have brought Yah-so-bee."

"Does Estote remember," said the young chief, laying his hand upon the arm of the other, "that he promised me one day to give me a chance to pay back this scar upon my breast?"

"Estote does not eat his own words. He remembers."

"It is well. Is he ready to do it now?"

"There is no time when a Catawba is not ready to meet a Tuscarora."

"Where shall we fight?"

"Here."

"No you won't," said the guide. "You will come down here by the river, in the grass. It is only two miles, and we shall be so much nearer home."

They agreed to this, and the two enemies walked side by side, like brothers, until they reached a place where the sward was short and green, far away from the settlement. Here the party paused, and the two chiefs threw off their blankets and prepared for the strife.

"You are an Indian," said Yah-so-bee, addressing his opponent. "We have promised to fight because it is well that we should know which is the better man. One of us must

die; who it will be is known only to the Manitou; if it is I, bury me as the son of a great chief, and the greatest brave of his tribe. Build a tomb above me, and lay my bow, quiver and knife by my side."

"Do so to Estote, if he falls," said the Catawba.

"But perhaps both of us will fall," said Yah-so-bee, "It may be so. If it should happen, here stands the Big Foot, he is a great warrior, and he loves us both; if we die, he shall bury us both!"

Jared nodded, and restrained the desire of his young friend to interfere in the duel. He knew too much of the Indian code of honor to attempt this. The challenge had passed between the two months before, but the parties had not been able to meet before this day, except in one battle, in which Yah-so-bee received the wound which had been shown to Jared.

The battle was to be fought with knife and hatchet. Estote had an advantage over his opponent in this respect, as he used both hands equally well. They did not close at once, as white men would have done, to fight the battle out foot to foot, but circling swiftly about each other, they watched for a chance to dash in and strike a blow.

It came first to the young Tuscarora. He dashed in, and received the knife of his adversary in the breast. Reeling back from the blow, dizzy and faint, knowing that he had got his death-blow, he lifted his hatchet, and cast it with all his remaining strength at the head of Estote. Whirling once, it struck the doomed man between the eyes, and the two fell prostrate, one dead and the other wounded mortally.

This was Yah-so-bee. They ran to lift him, and draw the knife from his wound. He was yet in his senses, and looked up in the face of the guide, apparently understanding the commiseration expressed in his looks.

"Is he dead?" he asked, in the tone of a Grecian soldier inquiring for his shield.

"Yes," replied Jared.

"He will go before me to the happy hunting-grounds, and he will tell them who sent him, but he will know that I am not far behind.

"You may live," said Seth.

"White man," answered the Indian, "I am glad to die, because I shall not witness the destruction of my people. It must come at last."

"Have you any thing to say—any word to send to Moneto?"

"Yes; if you meet the chief, tell him that his son died as a brave warrior. How long have I to live?"

"You will die when the sun sinks below the tree-tops."

"Long enough for my death-song. Leave me."

They stood aside, while the wild notes of the death-song pealed out upon the afternoon air. Just as the sun sunk behind the trees he lifted himself upon his elbow, cast a look of strange joy upon the face of Estote, fell back and died.

Jared buried the two as they would have been buried, in separate graves, and placed signs above them to tell to what tribe they belonged. No Indian would disturb their remains.

The two friends hurried on their way, and joined the army of the South Carolina leader upon the lower Neuse. From this they marched upon the Indian fort, in which Moneto and a chosen band of his warriors were placed. But, feuds and dissensions had arisen between the proprietors of the colony, and Barnwell was only able to arrange a peace and return with his forces. The Tuscaroras in good faith returned to their homes; but the colonists did not intend they should escape so easily, and begun to hunt them down. A reward was offered for scalps; all the tribes joined in the chase, until the Tuscaroras, worn out, decimated, abandoned their hunting-grounds in despair, and went to the country of their brethren, and became a member of the Iroquois confederation, which thenceforth assumed the name of the *Six Nations*.

The destruction of the Crees and the departure of the Tuscaroras, gave a term of uninterrupted peace. Kate, a year after the death of her father, during which she had been under the protection of Jared, married the young woodsman, and founded one of the first families of the old North State. After the marriage, the guide left them and wandered restlessly up and down the Indian country, as had been his wont; but, when children were growing up in the homestead of the young couple, the guide, now an old man, came back to the settlement, and accepted a home with his friends, which they had vainly endeavored to prevail on him to do. He lived to a

ripe old age, beloved by every child in the settlement, to whom he told wild tales of Indian wars, and died full of years, mourned by all who had known him. A plain stone was to be seen not many years ago, bearing his name, and setting down the fact that he was "faithful to the end."

Before he came to live with his young friends, he paid a visit to the Tucaroras, in their new home upon the lakes. Moneto, still hale and strong, met him in a friendly manner. Then, for the first time, the chief knew how his brave son died. For a moment he turned aside his head, and then met the eye of the guide with Spartan firmness, saying only, "It is well."

THE END.

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS.

A Dollar Book for a Dime!

This series comprises many of the choicest works of fiction and romance yet offered to the American public. Each issue will embrace a complete novel, and will contain one hundred large 12mo pages of letter-press, printed with clear and expressly-prepared type, and bound in heavy paper covers of bright salmon color—at the nominal sum of TEN CENTS.

- No. 1—Malaeska:** the Indian Wife of the White Hunter. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Myra," "Sybil Chase," "Esther," etc. The scene of this romance is laid in and around New York, in those not distant days, when the "dusky skins" infested Weehawken heights. In beauty and interest, it is quite equal to the best of the distinguished authoress' works.
- No. 2—The Privateer's Cruise,** and the Bride of Pomfret Hall. By HARRY CAVENDISH, author of "The Reefer of '76," etc. Time, the glorious days of '76, when our navy was chiefly made up of privateers, whose deeds have given them historic renown. The "Privateer's Cruise" tells the story of this guerrilla sea warfare. Through the narrative runs the thread of a sweet love story, giving it a double interest.
- No. 3—Myra:** the Child of Adoption. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Malaeska," "Sybil Chase," "Esther," etc. A romance founded upon the checkered life of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, full of pathos and exquisite delineations of life-scenes in the South.
- No. 4—Alice Wilde:** the Raftsman's Daughter. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "The Backwoods Bride," "Uncle Ezekiel," etc. A delightful story of Pine Woods life, from the pen of one of the best of writers. It embodies unctuous humor enough to fill two ordinary volumes, and is a great favorite.
- No. 5—The Golden Belt;** or, the Carib's Pledge. By COLIN BARKER. Scene in the tropics after the discovery of this country, when the old Castilians first stepped upon these shores. The hero, a Spanish cavalier, woos an Indian maiden, and, after many adventures, leads her to the altar—being the first maiden of the princely Carib line who weds a Spanish subject.
- No. 6—Chip:** the Cave Child. By Mrs. M. A. DENISON, author of "The Prisoner of La Vintresse," "Florida," "Ruth Margerie," etc. A romance of the wilds of Pennsylvania, and of the City of Philadelphia, in which a child left to the hands of a strange old woman, has a life-experience of a most singular character.
- No. 7—The Reefer of '76;** or, the cruise of the Fire-Fly. By HARRY CAVENDISH, author of "The Privateer's Cruise," etc. An exciting sea romance of the "times which tried men's souls." Paul Jones and his terrible naval conflicts are incidentally introduced, and give noble examples of his devotion to our flag.
- No. 8—Seth Jones;** or the Captives of the Frontier. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Bill Biddon," "Nat Todd," "Oonomoo," etc. A romance illustrative of life in the early settlements of New York, when the Indian carried terror into many a forest home. A story of deep interest, with a sprinkling of most delicious humor, it has had an enormous sale.
- No. 9—The Slave Sculptor.** By WILLIAM JARED HALL. This novel treats of the Aztecs at the time of their conquest. The characters embrace Cortez and his leaders; the unhappy Montezuma, Emperor of the Aztecs; his brother (the succeeding emperor,) Gautemozin, and many others. It is a romance of power and beauty.
- No. 10—The Backwoods Bride:** a Romance of Squatter Life. By Mrs. METTA V. VICTOR, author of "Maum Guinea," "Alice Wilde," etc. This stirring story embodies incident, character, pathos and beauty of delineation in rich abundance. Squatter and Border Life never had a finer exposition.
- No. 11—The Prisoner of La Vintresse;** or, the Fortunes of a Cuban Heiress. By Mrs. M. A. DENISON, author of "Tim Bumble's Charge," etc. A novel of Cuban and New York life, glowing with interest, and of marked originality.
- No. 12—Bill Biddon, Trapper;** or, Life in the North-west. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Trail Hunters," "Irona," etc. A life-like delineation of the life of hunters and trappers at the head-waters of the Yellowstone, and away on the Red River trail. Through it runs the thread of a sweet love-story, and the rescue of a beautiful white captive from the Blackfoot-Sioux.
- No. 13—Cedar Swamp;** or, Wild Nat's Brigade. By WILLIAM R. EYSTER. This romance vividly portrays those scenes which won for our forefathers the immortality of heroes. It also embraces a story of love and devotion, which proves how noble and true were the wives and daughters of those heroes.
- No. 14—The Emerald Necklace;** or, Mrs. Butterby's Boarder. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "The Unionist's Daughter," etc. A downright good love tale, full of the author's subtle discrimination and poetic perceptions, worth a dozen of the English reprints which command so much attention.
- No. 15—The Frontier Angel;** a romance of Kentucky Rangers' Life. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Riflemen of the Miami," etc. The locale is in Northern Kentucky and Southern Ohio and Indiana, and the personages introduced embrace several well-known historical characters. It is worthy of the author's fine repute.
- No. 16—Uncle Ezekiel,** and his Exploits on two Continents. By Mrs. METTA V. VICTOR, author of "Jo Daviess' Client," etc. In its unique delineations of character—in its breadth of humor and whimsicality—in its pathos and picturesqueness—in the beauty of the story proper, this is one of the enjoyable novels. Mrs. Victor, in her inimitable "Miss Slimmens' Papers," proved herself one of our living humorous writers. In "Uncle Ezekiel" she has brought her powers as a humorist, as well as novelist, in play.

No. 17—Madge Wylde, the Young Man's Ward; or, Lights and Shadows of Orphan Life. By the author of "Clifton," "Hates and Loves," etc. This is a daguerreotype of certain phases of high and low life, which are rarely correctly told. It is characterized by great beauty, pathos and excitement.

No. 18—Nat Todd; or, the Fate of the Sioux Captive. A sequel to "Bill Biddon," (No. 12.) By E. S. ELLIS, author of "Seth Jones," etc. The odd "Nat" here plays a leading part, and carries the reader, per force, along with him over the plains, into the fastnesses of the far North-west, whither he pursues a shadow. It is a very odd and enticing story.

No. 19—Massasoit's Daughter; or, the French Captives. By A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of "The Peon Prince," etc. Samneeda, daughter of Massasoit, was an Indian Princess of rare beauty and virtues. Her life was full of romance, and her relations to the whites have rendered her name memorable. This story is of marked power and dramatic interest.

No. 20—Florida; or, the Iron Will. By Mrs. M. A. DENISON, author of "Tim Bumble's Charge," "Prisoner of La Vintresse," etc. This is one of its author's best. The action and characters are of to-day—acting out the drama of life as it is, in certain social circles of our cities.

No. 21—Sybil Chase; or, the Valley Rancho. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Esther," "Malaeska," "Myra," etc. In this story it may be said that Mrs. Stephens has excelled herself. It is a romantic mingling of the wild California life, and the elegant society and association of New-York City.

No. 22—The Maid of Esopus; or, the Trials and Triumphs of the Revolution. By N. C. IRON, author of "Gideon Godbold," etc. A purely historical fiction, written with a thorough knowledge of the men and women of those times which truly tried and tempered souls, and embodies all the interest which attaches to that most eventful era.

No. 23—Winifred Winthrop; or, the Lady of Atherton Hall. By CLARA AUGUSTA. "The Lady of Atherton Hall" delineates fashionable life as it exists at the South. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best romances of this talented authoress—a Prize Story—and can not fail to please.

No. 24—The Trail Hunters; or, Monowano, the Shawnee Spy. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Forest Spy," etc. A story of the "Dark and Bloody Ground" (Kentucky,) which will command attention. All Mr. Ellis' works have had enormous circulation, both in this country and in England.

No. 25—The Peon Prince; or, the Yankee Knight Errant. By A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of the "King's Man," etc. It introduces us to Mexico as it was under the guerrilla reign of a few years ago, and gives us pictures of the country and its remarkably varied life, which challenge attention from their novelty and exciting nature.

No. 26—Isabel De Cordova; or, the Brethren of the Coast. By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "The Wreck of the Albion," etc. This novel of the sea introduces the reader to the Buccaneers who for a long time reigned in terror on the seas, off the coast of Florida—

follows them to the Island of Tortuga, where their stronghold was, and depicts their life there and on the seas in pursuit of their prey.

No. 27—Stella, the Daughter of Liberty. A Tale of the War of '76. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Double Hero," "The Two Guards," etc. The heroine here is a true daughter of liberty, who dares every thing for her love of country and affection for its defenders. It is historically true, yet is one of the most interesting of romances.

No. 28—King Barnaby; or, the Maidens of the Forest. A romance of the Mickmacks. By N. WM. BUSTEED. This novel deals with Indian life, and the exciting incidents of their conflicts with the whites, introducing a great variety of characters, both male and female. While the story is historically true, it is, in all the elements of the romance, exceedingly enticing and satisfactory.

No. 29—The Forest Spy. A Tale of the war of 1812. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Bill Biddon," "Nat Todd," "Oonomoo," etc. No romance, since the days of Cooper's celebrated "Spy," has issued from the press superior to this enchanting story. It introduces us to a remarkable character, as well as to Harrison, Tecumseh and Proctor; and while history is verified, it is subordinate to a romance of singular power and interest.

No. 30—Putnam Pomfret's Ward: A Vermonter's Adventure in Mexico. By A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of "Massasoit's Daughter," etc. A story of adventures in Mexico, on the breaking out of the last war. The hero and heroine are real live characters, and their remarkable adventures in escaping from the Greasers will not fail to interest all who love humor, novelty, heroism and American spirit.

No. 31—The Double Hero: a Tale of Sea and Land. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Maid of Esopus," "Gideon Godbold," "Stella," etc. In this delightful novel we have the entire story of the battle of Lake Erie, the battle of the Thames, the expedition upon Sackett's Harbor, etc., while the by-characters, and the life on Hewson's Grant, give to the work the two-fold zest of wooing and warring.

No. 32—Irona; or, Life on the South-west Border. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Hunter's Cabin," "The Frontier Angel," etc. Mr. Ellis has here entered a new though congenial field of character and adventure. Woman enters more into the thread of the story than in his previous works, and there is in the book such a delineation of life and adventure on the old South-west border (of Texas) as will render "Irona" one of the most exciting and pleasing of all Mr. Ellis' works.

No. 33—Maum Guinea: A Plantation Romance. Double Number, 225 pages, beautifully illustrated. Price 20 cents. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Uncle Ezekiel," "Jo Daviess' Client," etc. Louisiana plantation life during the holidays is seized upon by the author to weave around the barbecues, night-dancing, story-telling and love-making of the slaves, a romance embodying all the tragedy and pathos, the sorrow and enjoyment, the happiness and humor of slave life and its two-fold experiences. Since Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," there has been nothing at all comparable to this superb delineation of plantation life.

No. 34—Ruth Margerie: A Romance of the Revolt of 1689. By Mrs. M. A. DENISON, author of "Florida," "Prisoner of La Vintresse," etc. In this story the author has introduced us to one of the most exciting episodes in the history of the Massachusetts Bay colony. It is one of this popular author's best historical fictions.

No. 35—East and West; or, the Beauty of Willard's Mill. By Mrs. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT, author of "The Land Claim," etc. Western life is here reproduced in a story of peculiar interest and beauty. It introduces to scenes such as only "the Settlements" can produce, and characters such as no other section of the world contains but "the West."

No. 36—The Riflemen of the Miami. A Tale of Southern Ohio. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Trail Hunters," "Irona," etc. The "Riflemen" were true sons of the forest, with hearts of fire and nerves of steel, who became the settlers' hope and Indians' terror. The author has seized upon a stirring episode of their memorable career to give us a book as attractive as any thing from his pen.

No. 37—Godbold, the Spy; or, the Faithful and Unfaithful of 1780. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Double Hero," "The Two Guards," etc. A powerful and beautiful tale of fidelity and treason in the Revolutionary War. While it tells the story of Arnold's remarkable marriage, of his life of secret plotting and final betrayal of his country, it also gives the touching history of Andre's love. Through all runs the tale of the heroism of the scout and spy, Gideon Godbold.

No. 38—The Wrong Man: A Tale of the Early Settlements. By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "The Allens," etc. We have, in this fine novel, elements of peculiar interest. The society of the early Settlements is daguerrotyped to the life, with all its remarkable characters and strange incidents. But this is all subsidiary to the exciting drama which is the burden of the story proper—a drama that, while it illustrates border life, elicits an intense personal interest, such as only truly powerful creations can incite.

No. 39—The Land-Claim: A Story of the Upper Missouri. By Mrs. F. F. BARRITT, author of "East and West," etc. The writer seizes upon the novel life and experience of the land pre-emptors, whose "claims" spotted all of Kansas and Nebraska, and are now stretching far away toward the Rocky Mountains. The story is one of combined novelty and beauty.

No. 40—The Unionist's Daughter: A Story of the Rebellion in Tennessee. Double number, 224 pages complete. Price 20 cents. By Mrs. METTA V. VICTOR, author of "Maum Guinea," "Myrtle," etc. This romance is one of touching and thrilling interest, well calculated to enchain attention and to create remark. It gives a true picture of the sufferings and devotion of the Unionists of East Tennessee.

No. 41—The Hunter's Cabin. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Forest Spy," "Seth Jones," "The Frontier Angel," etc. The locus quo of this romance is Southern Ohio; the time late in the last century, when the fierce Shawnee was the terror of the Settlements and the scourge of the forest. It introduces us to that hardy race of men who

cooped with the savages, and finally overcame them.

No. 42—The King's Man: A Story of South Carolina in Revolutionary times. By A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of the "Peon Prince," etc. The author seizes upon the moment when the city of Charleston was being defended by the brave Moultrie to introduce us to that element of South Carolina's disloyalty which rendered many of her citizens infamous in the eyes of patriots. The story as a story is unusually exciting.

No. 43—The Allens: A Tale of the great Kanawha Valley. By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "The Wrong Man." There is no more romantic spot in the Union than the Kanawha Valley, Western Virginia, and in no section of the country is there so much of romance in its history. "The Allens" will be found to enchain the attention from its very first.

No. 44—Agnes Falkland; A Story of Continental Times. By N. C. IRON, author of "Godbold the Spy," "The Double Hero," etc. The battle fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the fatal expedition against Quebec, the siege of Boston, are here portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Through all runs the thread of a good, old-fashioned love story. It is a choice historical romance.

No. 45—Esther: A story of the Oregon Trail. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Malaeska," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. In "Esther" the authoress has entered a field somewhat new even to her prolific pen. The incidents and characters partake of the wild stirring life of the far West. Mrs. Stephens has written much, but no story from her pen is better calculated to arrest attention than "Esther."

No. 46—Wreck of the Albion. By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "Brethren of the Coast," "The Black Ship," etc. A good sea tale is a rare production. We have one here, however. Mr. Warner is a sailor of experience, and writes of the sea with a sailor's love of the deep. The story has had a very large sale, as, indeed, have all of Mr. Warner's works.

No. 47—Tim Bumble's Charge; or, Mrs. Lattison's One Great Sorrow. By Mrs. M. A. DENISON, author of "Ruth Margerie," etc. Into this romance the author has thrown all her vivacity and power. It is a tale of New England and New York life, full of spirit of country and city. It is possessed of all the author's best characteristics.

No. 48—Oonomoo, the Huron. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Seth Jones," "Forest Spy," "Riflemen of the Miami," "Irona," etc. Notwithstanding the extraordinary merits of some of the works named, this story is, in some respects, superior to the others. It reproduces the noble Huron Indian who plays so prominent a part in the "Riflemen" and the "Hunter's Cabin."

No. 49—The Gold Hunters. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Alice Wilde," "Maum Guinea," "Uncle Ezekiel," "Unionist's Daughter," etc. This work is one of intense dramatic power and personal interest. It gives us pictures of Pike's Peak life, which fairly transport the reader to that wonderful region. There is a story within a story, in which the author's talents as a delineator of heart-life are conspicuous.

- No. 50—The Black Ship.** By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "Wreck of the Albion," "Brethren of the Coast," "Off and On," etc. Perhaps no sea story issued from the press during the last few years has had the "run" which has attended the sale of this very exciting and delightful romance of the deep. It is full of vigor, truthful portraiture and novelty of incident, and will long continue a favorite.
- No. 51—The Two Guards.** By N. C. IRON, author of "Gideon Godbold," "Agnes Falkland," "The Double Hero," etc. Mr. Iron has here created and sustained an interest quite fresh and original. Its portraitures are exceedingly unique. Cæsar, a slave, and Leo, a bloodhound, are the instruments of a drama of a thoroughly novel but pleasing nature.
- No. 52—Single Eye: A Story of King Philip's War.** By WARREN ST. JOHN, author of "The Scout," etc. This work, upon its first appearance, was heralded as a New Sensation. It has paved the way for the author's success as one of the most powerful writers of Indian and frontier life since the days of Fenimore Cooper.
- No. 53—Hates and Loves; or, the Lesson of Four Lives.** By the author of "Madge Wyldé." This heart romance is full of power, passion and pathos. It introduces life as it is in certain circles of the metropolis, yet, in its truth, preserves the purity of thought and feeling requisite for all works introduced to this series. It is a captivating romance.
- No. 54—Myrtle, the Child of the Prairie.** By MRS. M. V. VICTOR, author of "The Emerald Necklace," "Maum Guinea," etc. Our popular fiction contains no more delightful novel than this. It is the story of a female child found on the prairie by a bachelor, and brought up by him in the wilds of the West. Romantic episodes of life, love, humor and pathos contrive to render it a very novel novel.
- No. 55—Off and On; or, the Ranger's First Cruise.** By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "The Black Ship," "Brethren of the Coast," etc. "Off and On" gives us sea life in 1777, when our Continental Congress was too poor to float a navy; but when the brave men of our nation cut the sea with privateers. The author has seized upon a great historic character, whose wonderful deeds are recorded in the romance with the truth of history.
- No. 56—Ahmo's Plot: or, the Governor's Indian Child.** By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Esther," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. This production is devoted to the time of Frontenac, French Governor of Canada, who married an Indian woman. Out of the marriage sprung events of a strange nature. These the author has used with unusual effect. The work, in many respects, will be regarded as one of the most admirable ever written by Mrs. Stephens.
- No. 57—The Scout.** By WARREN ST. JOHN, author of "Single Eye." "The Scout" is a romance of the early New England wars, when the savage struggled for ascendancy. It gives us pictures of border dangers, suffering and triumph, of absorbing interest. Inter-mingling, and constituting one of the leading elements of the story, are two love tales, one of which has a terrible pathos and power in it.
- No. 58—The Mad Hunter; or, the downfall of the Le Forests.** By MRS. M. A. DENISON, author of "Tim Bumble's Charge," "Florida," etc. Here we have a picture of blended light and shade. The number of dramatis personæ, and the rapid succession of peculiar events, combine to produce a very singular novel.
- No. 59—Kent, the Ranger; or, the Fugitives of the Border.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Oonomoo," "The Hunter's Cabin," etc. Here the author gives us three or four superb characters, whom he leads through the forest, on the trail, in the Indian camp, in the hand-to-hand struggle, on the race for life, in the forest home—presenting a succession of events which command the reader's undivided attention.
- No. 60—Jo Daviess' Client; or, "Court-ing" in Kentucky.** By MRS. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Myrtle," "The Gold Hunters," etc. In this fine story we have reproduced, to the life, the Kentucky of the year 1800, embracing such characters and incidents as only Kentucky can produce. Jo Daviess was one of the most remarkable men of that remarkable period. He plays in the novel such a part as only Jo Daviess could play in and out of court.
- No. 61—Laughing Eyes; a Tale of the Natchez Fort.** By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "The Allens," and "The Wrong Man." The Natchez were, unquestionably, the noblest tribe of savages on the North American continent. In this romance we have the Indian and the courtly Frenchman brought out in full relief. The story is a perfect wilderness of stirring incidents and impressive delineations of character.
- No. 62—The Unknown; a tale of 1777.** By N. C. IRON, author of "The Two Guards," "Agnes Falkland," "Godbold the Spy," etc. The whole story of the March of the British upon Philadelphia (1777), the battle of Brandywine, and the occupation by the enemy of the then National Capital, is here given. Social life of the time is finely painted by the portraiture of female character. It is a powerful dramatic production.
- No. 63—Mahaska: the Indian Princess.** By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Ahmo's Plot," "Esther," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. "Mahaska," though not a sequel of "Ahmo's Plot," is a part of the drama there unfolded. It is a work of sustained power, and carries the reader along as if it held the mastery of heart and mind.
- No. 64—The Rangers of the Mohawk.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Kent, the Ranger," "Oonomoo," "Hunter's Cabin," etc. Mr. E. here seizes upon the exciting event accompanying the celebrated siege of Fort Schuyler, in 1777; and by introducing his favorite characters of a scout, a friendly Indian, and a brave leader in the hour of trial, has given his readers a real feast of forest, border, and love romance.
- No. 65—The Wrecker's Prize; or, the Pearl of the Sea Shore.** By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "Laughing Eyes," "The Allens," etc. This enchanting novel will delight the lovers of good stories. It has mystery and romance enough to almost fatigue the expectation which it keeps so constantly on the quiver.

No. 66—The Hunter's Vow. A romance of early Ohio days. Here we have life in the woods, on the trail, in the village, with extreme vividness of characterization. The adventures of a bevy of hunters are told with most unequalled vivacity, and the odd nature of much of the story will not be its least pleasing feature.

No. 67—Indian Jim. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Rangers of the Mohawk," "Kent, the Ranger," "Oonomoo, the Huron," etc. The author has chosen for the theme of this story the Minnesota massacre of 1862, whose horrors thrilled the land with surprise and pity. The whole history of that savage uprising of Christianized Indians is given in a romance of startling interest and pathos.

No. 68—The Brigantine; or, Admiral Lowe's Last Cruise. By DECATUR PAULDING, U. S. N. Dutch New York, which has been immortalized in "Knickerbocker's" history, is reproduced to the life in this humorous, racy, romantic and refreshing romance. It is both a land and sea story, calculated to give satisfaction to all.

No. 69—Black Hollow; or the Dragon's Bride. A tale of the Ramapo in 1779. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Unknown," etc. The existence of the brigands known as the "Ramapo Brothers" is a historic fact, which Mr. Iron has seized upon for the basis of a novel full of the spirit of '77. Many well-known characters are introduced; and the whole forms a very impressive, instructive and pleasing story.

No. 70—The Indian Queen. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mahaska," "Ahmo's Plot," "Esther," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. In this fine work the author carries forward the character of Mahaska, [see No. 63], through her extraordinary career as queen of the Senecas. It is a strange, wild romance of Indian life, employing all the writer's best powers.

No. 71—The Lost Trail: A Legend of the Far West. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Seth Jones," "Forest Spy," "Hunter's Cabin," etc. Upper Minnesota, forty-four years ago, was mapped as an "unexplored region." Here we have the wild life of that beautiful and aboriginal land reproduced. A leading spirit of the drama is Teddy McFadden, an Irishman, whose adventures, blunders, etc., present an element of zest, unusual even in the author's previous popular works.

No. 72—The Moose Hunter. By JOHN NEAL. This romance of the Maine woods, by one of America's noted authors, is a very singular production. None who read it will be likely to forget it. The author has exceeded even his old power and originality in its production.

No. 73—The Silver Bugle; or the Indian Maid of St. Croix. By the author of "Quindaro," etc. A story of the late Indian war. Its pages are alive with the excitement of an extraordinary train of events. The beauty and strength of character of its leading actors, as well as the wild whirlwind of incidents, render the novel a favorite with all who relish a stirring production.

No. 74—The Cruiser of the Chesapeake; or, the Pride of the Nansemond. By Lieutenant ROBERT PHILLIPSE, U. S. N. A tale of the year 1780, when Baltimore was

in possession of the British, and the odious "press-gang" was at its hideous work. The "Cruiser" performed prodigies of valor and strategy, and assisted materially to drive the hated foe from the land. As a story of sea and land, it combines many of the excellencies of Marryatt and Cooper.

No. 75—The Hunter's Escape. By the author of "Lost Trail," "Hunter's Cabin," "Oonomoo," "Bill Biddon," etc. This work reproduces the character of the missionary whose story was narrated in the "Lost Trail," and who lived to see the outbreak of the North-western Indians in 1860. The author portrays an episode so tinged with intense dramatic and personal interest as to render it a most absorbing and pleasing work.

No. 76—The Scout's Prize; or, The Old Dutch Blunderbuss. By HERRICK JOHNSTON, Esq. Humor, vigor, strange adventure, and excitement of incident, all contribute to render this novel one of unfailing interest. It gives us the camp and heart-life of the heroes of '76.

No. 77—Quindaro; or, the Heroine of Fort Laramie. By the author of "The Silver Bugle." Here we have the old Fort and its romantic history revived in a story of singular beauty. The author writes of what he knows, giving us such transcripts of life on the Plains as make the pulses beat the quicker.

No. 78—The Rival Scouts; or, the Forest Garrison. A story of the Siege and Fall of Fort Presq' Isle. By the author of "Oonomoo." While the author adheres closely to historical facts, the intense interest of the romance is not restricted on that account. The danger, daring, endurance and personal devotion of the forest rangers are depicted with startling power, while a beautiful red daughter of the forest crosses the stream of the story like a fair vision—adding beauty and pathos to it.

No. 79—The Schuylkill Rangers; or, the Bride of Valley Forge. A Tale of '77. By the author of "Quindaro," "Silver Bugle," etc. The terrible winter of '77, when the American army lay at Valley Forge, suffering not only for food but for clothing, the author has seized upon to weave the warp and woof of a very interesting and highly dramatic story.

No. 80—Eagle Eye; or, the Two Rangers. A Tale of the Fall of Fort Oswego. By W. J. HAMILTON. A forest pen-picture, full of power and exciting interest. A white man and an Onondaga Indian are friends, who most vividly recall Cooper's celebrated "Pathfinder," and his friend the "Serpent."

No. 81—The Two Hunters; or, the Canon Camp. A romance of the Santa Fe Trail. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Gold Hunters," etc. Life in the Wachita country, on the Red River of the South, is here delineated in the adventures of a quartette, who, for variety and originality, will challenge the admiration of every lover of what is spirited in characterization and graceful in narrative.

No. 82—The Mystic Canoe. By the author of "Rival Scouts." A most enticing and absorbing tale of the Forest and Lakes in the middle of the last century. It introduces several of the characters of the "Rival Scouts," who act leading parts in a drama of more than ordinary interest.

No. 83—The Golden Harpoon; or, Lost Among the Floes. A Story of the Whaling Grounds. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "On the Deep," "Cast Away," etc. A story of Life on the Whaling Grounds, absorbing in interest. To the enticing interest of danger and adventure, it adds the ever-living interest of love and a lover's tribulations.

No. 84—The Seminole Chief; or, the Captives of the Kissimee. A Tale of the Indian War in Florida. By the author of "Silver Bugle," "Quindaro," etc. Wherein is introduced the celebrated Billy Bowlegs, in his romantic character of a highly civilized savage. It is a story of singular mystery and novelty. Its pictures of the Everglades are admirably drawn.

No. 85—The Fugitives. A Tale of the Wyoming Massacre. By the author of "Rival Scouts," "Mystic Canoe," "Nat Todd," etc. The commingled excitement, pathos and beauty of this novel will not fail to render it a favorite. Its pen-pictures of the forest are of unusual strength, and the story, filled as it is with the terrible excitement of a well-known historic event, is, from the first, of absorbing personal interest.

No. 86—Red Plume, the Renegade. A Tale of the Blackfeet Country. By J. STANLEY HENDERSON, author of "Willing Captive," "Prairie Chick," etc., etc. Very vivid, fresh, and true to nature—not "sensational," but so graphic and stirring as to interest every reader, old and young. The story embraces a series of adventures in the country of the ferocious Blackfeet, while the graceful introduction of Indian and white "fair ones" adds to the romance the interest of the "grand passion."

No. 87—On the Deep. A Story of the Pacific. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Golden Harpoon," "Cast Away," etc. A sea tale of marked interest and beauty, of a ship assailed by those terrors of the sea, the Malays. With the narrative of the ship's loss is a beautiful tale of love, in which a missionary's daughter plays a pleasing part.

No. 88—Captain Molly; or, the Heroines of Trenton. A Tale of the Revolution. By Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mad Hunter," "Ruth Margerie," etc. This capital romance tells the story of Washington's crossing the Delaware, and his victory at Trenton. It gives us a noble picture of the devotion and heroism of those days.

No. 89—Star Eyes; or, the Rangers of the Susquehannah. A Tale of the Old French-Indian War. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," etc. A capital story, by a capital novelist. In his forest characters and incidents he is, unquestionably, one of the best writers now catering for the public. His "Eagle Eye" is one of the most powerful novels in our series.

No. 90—Cast Away; or, the Island Bride. A Romance of the "Enchanted Isles." By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "On the Deep," "Golden Harpoon," etc. It will be hard to choose, among sea and love stories, one more alive with the spirit of the waters and the passions of the heart than this really delectable production by a popular writer. We commend it to all in search of a good sea romance.

No. 91—The Lost Cache. A Tale of Hid Treasure. By J. STANLEY HENDERSON, author of "Red Plume," etc. Something decidedly new—a tale of the Crow country, wherein lies "Pike's Peak," and its wonderful gold deposits. A Crow captive first found the gold, cached it, escaped, returned to the country, etc. The novel tells how he didn't find his treasure, but did find something else quite as good.

No. 92—The Twin Scouts. A Story of the Old French War. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," etc. Two scouts, each a counterpart of the other, whose exploits form the theme of a very pleasing romance.

No. 93—The Creole Sisters; or, the Mystery of the Perrys. By Mrs. ANN E. PORTER. This lady writer is well known to American literature. Her tales are uniformly pure and deeply interesting. This story is one of absorbing and peculiar interest, full of that passion and mystery which lends to romance in its best elements.

No. 94—The Mad Skipper; or, the Cruise after the Maelstrom. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Golden Harpoon," "Cast Away," "On the Deep," etc. A rather singular, and, withal, a very absorbing story, of a skipper whose passion was to run his ship into the Maelstrom. The play of plot and development of character are happy in the extreme, rendering the book one very delightful to peruse.

DIME SCHOOL SERIES.—Speakers.

DIME SERIO-COMIC SPEAKER, No. 19.

The American phalanx,	Sour grapes,	Pompey Squash,	Smart boy's opinion,
The same,	The unwritten 'Claws,'	Mr. Lo's new version,	The venomous worm,
The old canoe,	The ager,	The midnight express,	Corns,
Room at the top,	Fish,	Morality's worst enemy	Up early,
New England weather,	Judge not thy brother,	The silent teacher,	Not so easy,
Bluggs,	The dog St. Bernard,	The working people,	Dead beat in politics,
Leedle Yawcob Strauss,	The liberal candidate,	The moneyless man,	War and dueling,
A fable,	A boy's opinion of hens,	Strike through the knot,	Horses. A protest,
The tramp's views,	Good alone are great,	An agricultural address,	Excelsior,
Moral littleness,	The great Napoleon,	The new scriptures,	Paddy's version of ex-
Yawcob Hoffeltegobble.	The two lives,	The trombone,	celsior,
The setting sachem,	The present age,	Don't despond,	The close, hard man,
Street Arab's sermon,	At midnight,	The mill cannot grind,	Apples and application,
Address to young ladies,	Good-night,	What became of a lie,	Old Scrooge,
A little big man,	Truth,	Now and then,	Man, generically con-
The test of friendship,	The funny man,	How ub vos dot for high	sidered,
The price of pleasure,	The little orator,	Early rising,	A chemical wedding.

DIME SELECT SPEAKER, No. 20.

God,	Penalty of selfishness,	Now is the time,	Won't you let my paper
Save the Republic,	Lights Out,	Exhortation to patriots,	work?
Watches of the night,	Clothes don't make the	He is everywhere,	Conscience the best
The closing year,	man,	A dream of darkness,	guide,
Wrong and right road,	The last man,	Religion the keystone,	Whom to honor,
An enemy to society,	Mind your own business	Scorn of office,	The lords of labor,
Barbara Freitchie,	My Fourth of July sen-	Who are the free?	Early rising,
The most precious gift,	timents,	The city on the hill,	Pumpnickel and Pep-
Intellectual and moral	My Esquimaux friend,	How to save the Re-	schikoff,
power,	Story of the little rid hin	public,	Only a tramp,
Thanatopsis,	My castle in Spain,	The good old times,	Cage them,
New era of labor	Shonny Schwartz,	Monmouth,	Time's soliloquy,
Work of faith,	The Indian's wrongs,	Hope,	Find a way or make it,
A dream,	Address to young men,	Moral Desolation,	The musquito hunt,
La dame aux camelias,	Beautiful Snow,	Self-evident truths,	The hero.

DIME FUNNY SPEAKER, No. 21.

Colonel Sellers eluci-	One hundred years ago,	The new mythology	Joan of Arc,
dates,	De 'sperience ob de Reb-	(Vulcan,)	The blessings of farm
Clory mit ter Sthars	'rend Quacko Stroug,	The new mythology	life,
und Sthripes,	A dollar or two,	(Pan,)	The people,
Terence O'Dowd's pat-	On some more hash,	The new mythology	Thermopylae,
riotism,	Where money is king,	(Bacchus,)	Cats,
The lime-kiln club ora-	Professor Dinkelspeigel-	I kin nod trink to-nighd,	Jim Bludso; or, the
tion,	man on the origin of	The new church doc-	Prairie Belle,
Farmer Thornbush on	lite,	trine,	A catastrophic ditty,
fools,	Konsentrated wisdom,	Wilyum's watermillion,	The maniac's defense,
The fiddler,	Joseph Brown and the	Josiah Axtell's oration,	Woman, God bless her!
The regular season,	mince pie,	Parson Barebones's an-	Be miserable,
The school-boy's lament,	John Jenkins's sermon,	athema,	Dodds versus Daubs,
Dot baby off mine,	A parody on "Tell me	Cæsar Squash on heat,	The Cadi's judgment,
Bluggs once more,	ye winged winds,"	Fritz Valdher is made a	That calf.
Views on agriculture,	A foggy day,	mason.	

DIME JOLLY SPEAKER, NO. 22.

Grandfather's clock,	The delights of Spring,	A weak case,	A new declaration of
The XIXth century,	Josh Billings's views,	They may be happy yet,	independence.
Mary's von little ram,	Beasteses,	Orpheus. A side view,	The jolly old fellow. A
A familiar lecture on	How tew pik out a	Perseus. A "classic,"	Christmas welcome,
science,	watermellon,	Rigid information,	My first coat,
Old and new time,	How tew pik out a dog	The funny man,	The fire-brigade,
Clayfoot's spirit race,	How tew pik out a kat	Don't give it away,	A patriotic "splurge,"
The village school,	How tew pik out a	A dark warning. A	The good old times, in-
A sermon for the sisters,	wife,	"colored" dissertation	deed! A congratula-
De filosofy ob fun,	This side and that,	An awful warning. An	tory reminder,
Disappointed discoverer,	Nocturnal mewsings,	effective appeal,	Stealing the sacred fire.
A heathen's seore,	The lunatic's reverie,	De parson sowed de seed	The story of Prome-
Der dog und der lobster,	A bathetic ballad,	Pompey's Thanksgiving	theus modernized
The young tramp,	The ear,	turkey,	The owl and the presy-
Delights of the season,	Backbone,	The new essay on man,	cat.

The above books are sold by Newsdealers everywhere, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents each.

BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.

Dime School Series—Speakers.

DIME DIALECT SPEAKER, No. 23.

Dat's wat's de matter, The Mississippi miracle, Ven te tide rooms in, Dose lams vot Mary haf got, Pat O Flaherty on wo- man's rights, The home rulers, how they "spakes," Hezekiah Dawson on Mothers-in-law, He didn't sell the farm, The true story of Frank- lin's kite, I would I were a boy again, A pathetic story,	Ali about a bee, Scandal, A dark side view, Te pesser vay, On learning German, Mary's shmaller vite lamb A healthy discourse, Tobias so to speak, Old Mrs. Grimes, A parody, Mars and cats, Bill Underwood, pilot, Old Granley, The pill peddler's ora- tion, Widder Green's last words,	Latest Chinese outrage, The manifest destiny of the Irishman, Peggy McCann, Sprays from Josh Bil- lings, De circumstances ob de sitiuation, Dar's nuffin new under de sun, A Negro religious poem, That violin, Picnic delights, Our candidate's views, Dundreary's wisdom, Plain language by truth- ful Jane,	My neighbor's dogs, Condensed Mythology, Pictus, The Nereides, Legends of Attica, The stove-pipe tragedy A doketor's drubbles, The coming man, The illigant affair at Muldoon's, That little baby round the corner, A genewine inference, An invitation to the bird of liberty, The crow, Out west.
--	--	--	---

DIME READINGS AND RECITATIONS, No. 24.

The Irishman's pano- rama, The lightning-rod agent The tragedy at four ace flat, Ruth and Naomi, Carey of Corson, Babies, John Reed, The brakeman at church, Passun Mooah's sur- mount, Arguing the question, Jim Wolfe and the cats,	The dim old forest, Rasher at home, The Sergeant's story, David and Goliath, Dreaming at fourscore, Rum, Why should the spirit of mortal be proud? The coming mustache, The engineer's story, A candidate for presi- dent, Roll call, An accession to the family,	When the cows come home, The donation party, Tommy Taft, A Michigander in France, Not one to spare, Mrs. Breezy's pink lunch, Rock of ages, J. Caesar Pompey Squash's sermon, Annie's ticket, The newsboy, Pat's correspondence,	Death of th' owd squire Main tog Shneid, At Elberon, The cry of womanhood The judgment day, The burst bubble, Curfew must not ring tonight, The mill. S... the dead, Cl... An essay on cheek.
---	---	--	--

DIME BURLESQUE SPEAKER, No. 25.

Plenty Small's procla- mation, The mother-in-law, The Widow O'Shane's runt, Leatherlung's con and pro. A cockney's experience, The "free and equal" humbug, Scipio Scroggs's ques- tions, The treachery of Jones, Declamation, Shtichen oats dot's wild Treadwater Jim, A Leadville sermon on the "prod," Address to the gian'ess, The ass and the lark, Tony Johnson's protest Watermelons, Very pathetic, A telling plea,	Back to Griggsby's, Advice to a young man, The plagues of Egypt, Julius Caesar Sum- ner's views, John Jones—his horn, Sentiment, Bu'stin' the temperance man, Ediket, The scenes of childhood Sancho Brown is mad, Pilkins's landlady, The collegian illu nin- ates, Uncle Cuff "rises fur- ter 'splain," Assorted women, Like his mother used to make, Set 'em oud! Yankee courtship, The day we celebrate, Dot Fritzzy,	The critic at work, Fortunate Flanders shows his teeth, Guilty, of course, No more French, Animile Statistix, Some things accounted for, The cats, Astronomical corusca- tor, The poet bold, January Jones defends the eagle, The mule, Brother Gardner on liars, That lamb, Peter and his lottery ticket, The mosquito adjured, "That birchen tree," The late Mr. Shakspeare The pie for me,	Buckeye Bill, Rev. Peter Bill's warn- ing, Jones's wife's aunt, A rhyme of the time, A short debate on rum, The good woman, The clerk of the weath- ery, That noble animal, man The bold fisherman, Cudjo Hardsin's pre- scription, A tale of two buckets, Dot Hoboken bucket, The sale of old bache- lors. The difference, Getting a photograph, As others see us, The cotton field hand, Signs of summer, A "fish story."
--	--	--	---

The above books are sold by Newsdealers everywhere, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.

THE Dime Dialogues and Speakers


**For Schools, Exhibitions,
Home Entertainments and Amateur Stage.**

86 VOLUMES. EACH 100 12MO PAGES.

These Original Dialogues, Minor Dramas, Scenic and Dress Pieces, and Rostrum Divertissements have now a national recognition and reputation, for their excellence, availability and singularly varied character, have sent the little volumes into Schools, Homes and Associations throughout every State and Section of this country and the Dominion.

The "Dialogues" number forty-one issues or books, and the "Speakers" twenty-five. Each volume of the "Dialogues" contains from fifteen to twenty pieces—expressly prepared for the series by teachers, dramatic experts, and selected writers—all skilled in such work:—hence the unbounded success of the series with Schools of all grades, Scholars of all ages, Exhibitions and the Amateur Stage.

The "Speakers," containing from sixty to seventy pieces each, run the whole range of oratory, recitation and declamation, giving what is best in eloquence, argument, humor, vernacular and dialect—prose and verse—and thus making the series a perfect mine of good things, not only for declamation and recitation but for *School and Family Readings*.

 This series of books has no equal for availability and merit of matter, and has a wider popularity among teachers, scholars, schools and amateurs than any series or single volumes yet published, at any price, in this country.

These books are for sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, ten cents each.

Beadle and Adams, Publishers,

98 William Street, New York

THE DIME

DIALOGUES AND SPEAKERS.

—FOR—

School Exhibitions and Home Entertainments.

THE DIME DIALOGUES.

Each volume, 100 pages 12mo., containing from 15 to 25 pieces.

DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER ONE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWO.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THREE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER FOUR.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER FIVE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER SIX.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER SEVEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER EIGHT.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER NINE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER ELEVEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWELVE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTEEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER FOURTEEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER FIFTEEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER SIXTEEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER SEVENTEEN.
Little Folks.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER EIGHTEEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER NINETEEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY.

DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER FORTY.
DIME DIALOGUES NUMBER FORTY ONE.

THE DIME SPEAKERS.

Each Speaker, 100 pages 12mo., containing from 50 to 75 pieces.

1—DIME AMERICAN SPEAKER.
2—DIME NATIONAL SPEAKER.
3—DIME PATRIOTIC SPEAKER.
4—DIME COMIC SPEAKER.
5—DIME ELOCUTIONIST.
6—DIME HUMOROUS SPEAKER.
7—DIME STANDARD SPEAKER.
8—DIME STUMP SPEAKER.
9—DIME JUVENILE SPEAKER.
10—DIME SPREAD-EAGLE SPEAKER.
11—DIME DEBATER & CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE.
12—DIME EXHIBITION SPEAKER.
25—DIME BURLESQUE SPEAKER.

13—DIME SCHOOL SPEAKER.
14—DIME LUDICROUS SPEAKER.
15—CARL PRETZEL'S KOMIKAL SPEAKER.
16—DIME YOUTH'S SPEAKER.
17—DIME ELOQUENT SPEAKER.
18—DIME HAIL COLUMBIA SPEAKER.
19—DIME SERIO-COMIC SPEAKER.
20—DIME SELECT SPEAKER.
21—DIME FUNNY SPEAKER.
22—DIME JOLLY SPEAKER.
23—DIME DIALECT SPEAKER.
24—DIME READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

These two series of books have no equal for utility and merit of matter, and have a wider popularity among teachers, scholars, schools and amateurs, than any series or single volumes yet published, at any price, in this country.

For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS EACH.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.